Boundary History

The Thirteenth Report of the Boundary Historical Society

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Canadian Cataloguing in Publication Data
ISBN 0-9692892-3-5

A catalogue record for this title is available from the National Library of Canada

Published by:
Boundary Historical Society,
P.O. Box 580
Grand Forks, BC
V0H 1H0

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Cover Picture by Sue Dahlo.
Mrs. Henry Nicholson at Camp McKinney 1895

Book production and design: The Enterprise Centre and
Community Futures Development Corporation.

Printed and bound in Canada.

Dedication

They worked long hours underground to produce metal for the world markets. To those miners who worked under adverse conditions and without adequate protection, we dedicate this 13th Report. Many died at an early age from silicosis and related ailments without compensation or recognition.

Acknowledgments

The Boundary Historical Society gratefully acknowledges the generous donations in memory of Ken and Kay Campbell.

We would also like to thank all those who have maintained membership in the Society and those who have contributed money and valuable historical material. Special thanks to Kay Woodland, Peter Nevile-Smith, Joyce Flanagan, John Greaves and John Gobeil.

We would like to extend special recognition to Jim Glanville who has edited the last four reports and is still a valuable member of the Publications Committee.

The Enterprise Centre has provided assistance and advice in the layout of the book. We appreciate the input on the computer by Larry Widmer, Brenda Spitzer, Dorothy Makonin, John Gust, Julie Walker and Christie Shaw.

Time capsules in the Boundary

Capsule at Rock Creek to be opened 2058
School Capsule in the Grand Forks City Safe 2012
Perley School: Buried June 1992 To be opened 2017

Correction to Report #12

Page 48. Caption under photo should read Great Northern Bridge.
Page 126. Should read Ab Savage not Al
Page 75. Should read Wamsley not Walmsley
Should read Wamsley not Hamsley
Page 69. Woolhether not Wollhether

Introduction

Thanks to assistance from many sources, another book of the history of the Boundary country is presented for your enjoyment.

Accounts of women of the Boundary, pursuing their particular goals are highlighted in this edition. We are proud of their accomplishments and we honor them.

Gold was the magnet that led people to Rock Creek and to other parts of the Boundary country, and gold, silver and copper are the riches of today's stories that are presented in this issue. Sue Dahlo, in her articles, takes us back to those early years and the men and women who made our colorful history.

In our never-ending search for historical accuracy, we use diaries, documents, newspaper articles, tape recordings and personal memories.

Thanks to the Publication Committe and to those who contributed articles, memories and photographs. The storehouse of Boundary history has not all been recorded. We still need your contributions.

Alice Glanville

From Ballads of the Boundary and Beyond (c 1975)

History lurks on many trails
Where walked the men of old
As shadowy figures come to light
Many a tale unfolds.

It lures the quester ever on
To delve for its hidden lore
It's a never - ending wonder trail
This search for tales of yore.

by Anne Casselman Paul

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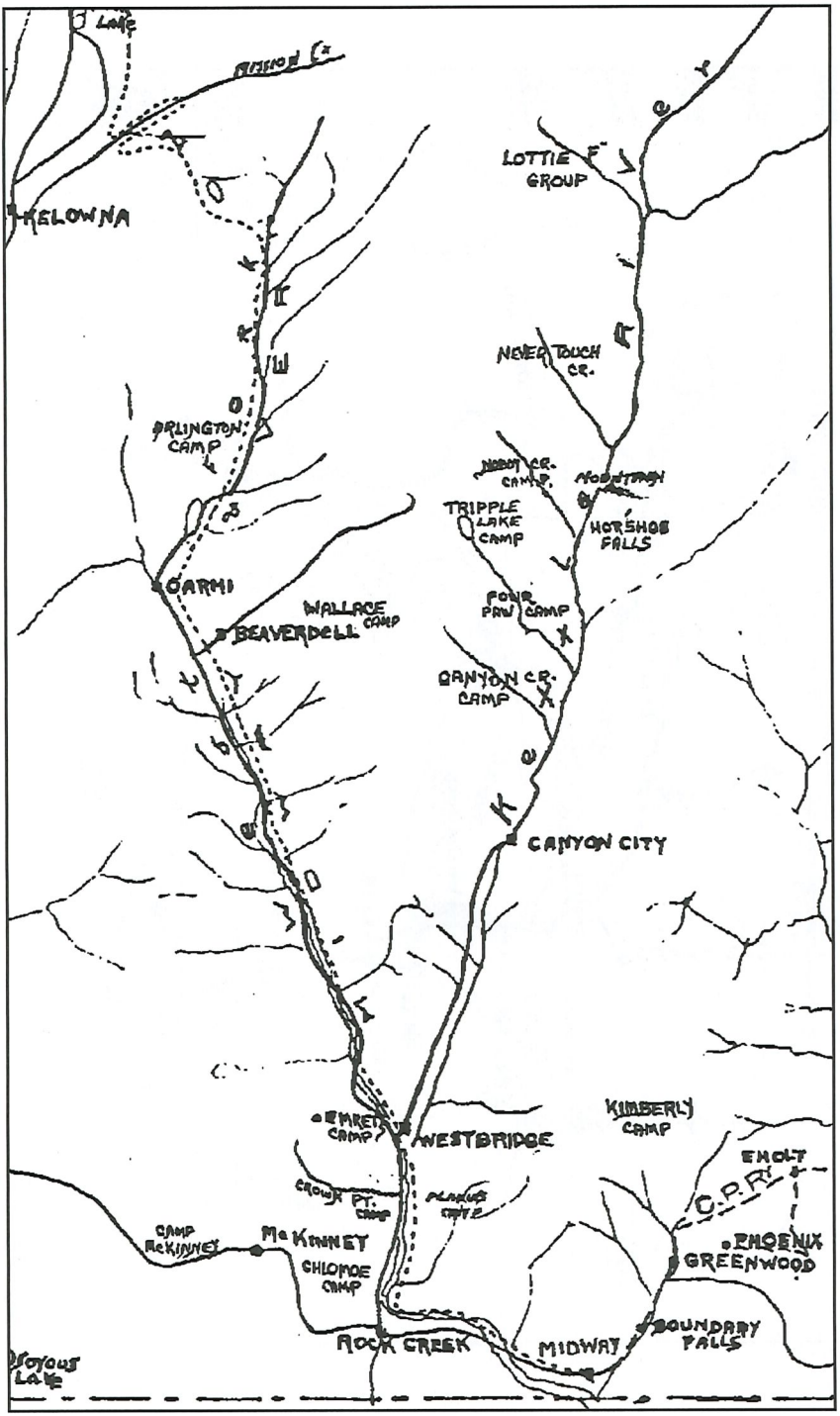
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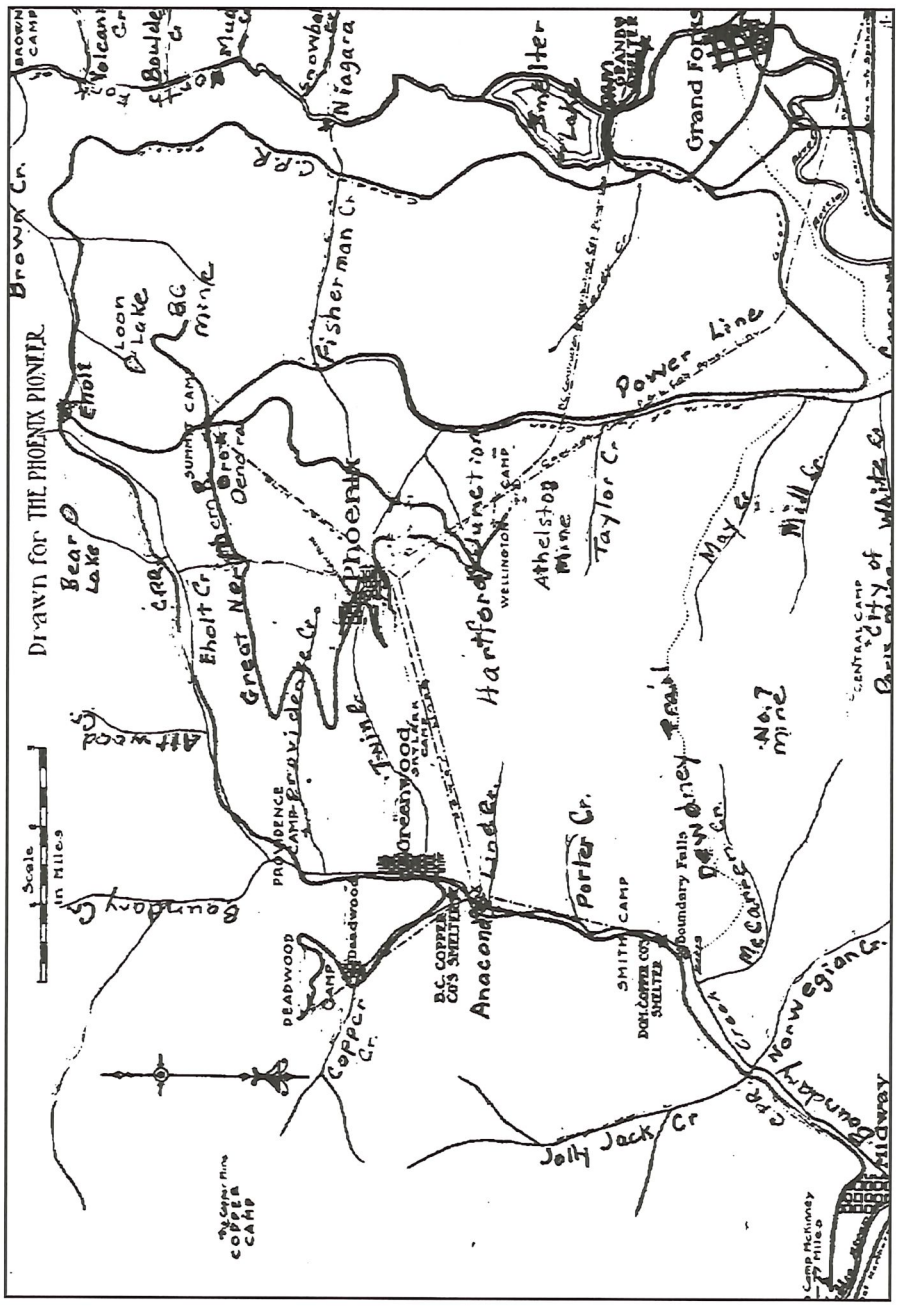
Drawn for THE PHOENIX PIONEER
Brown Cr.
Brown Camp
Volcanic Cr.
Boulder Cr.
Mud Cr.
Snowball Cr.
Niagara
C.P.R.
Fisherman Cr.
Smelter
Lake
Grand Forks
Loon Lake
B.C. Mine
Eholt
Bear Lake
Eholt Cr.
Sunny Camp
Great Northern
Phoenix
Athelstan Mine
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Power Line
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Deadwood Camp
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Central Camp
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City of Whitz Co
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Norwegian Cr.
Boundary
Midway
Camp McKinney
Scale
Miles

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Christina of Christina Lake and Shuswap

by G.P.V. Akrigg

One of the pleasures afforded by the study of early British Columbia history is the way interesting characters met in one milieu show up, years later, in an entirely different part of our province. G.M. Sproat, first met establishing a sawmill on Alberni Canal in 1860, reappears in the West Kootenay as a gold commissioner in the 1880's. Jean Baptiste Lolo first encountered at Fort Fraser, ends up as the Indian chief at Kamloops. Peter Skene Ogden may be found anywhere between Fort St. James and northern California. A very mobile lot our pioneers! That thought occurred to me recently when I had a surprise second meeting with

Christina McDonald, daughter of H.B.C. chief trader at Fort Colville.

Christina MacDonald. I had met her first as a spirited young lady having an adventure in the 1850's at Christina Lake in the Boundary country. I met her this second time when, leafing through the Washington Historical Quarterly, I found mention of her living in the 1880's in the Shuswap Lake area—not very far from where I have my summer cottage. Intrigued by this proximity, I decided to do some research on Christina.

Our heroine (and I think we may well call her that) was born on 20 September, 1847 on Big Camas Prairie, near Boise, Idaho.[1] Her father, Angus MacDonald, leaving his native Scotland, came west in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company and for many years lived in the style of a Scottish laird as Chief Trader in command of Fort Colvile.* Christina's mother, Catherine Baptiste, was partly French-Canadian and partly Indian, being a cousin of the Nez Perce chief bearing the splendid name of "Eagle of the Light". It is highly probable that Christina's mother brought her into the world without the aid of any midwife, for years later an admiring Angus MacDonald noted that his wife had been assisted during the birth of only one of their thirteen children. Generally she had refused help, remarking that Indian mothers traditionally believed that children were more self-reliant and brave if brought into the world with no help other than that of the mother in her labour. Self-reliant and brave Christina certainly proved to be, though she nearly perished before she was old enough to manifest these qualities.

While still a toddler, she fell down a cutbank into the fast flowing Pend d'Oreille River. Her mother in her tent, sixty paces away, heard the other children screaming, raced to the top of the bank and leapt from it into the current, which was rapidly carrying away her daughter. Little "Tina", buoyed up by her tartan frock, kept afloat just long enough for her mother to reach her. But Caroline's own clothing had become so sodden and heavy as to make it impossible for her both to swim and to spare an arm to hold up Christina. Rolling over on her back she managed to keep hold of the child with her teeth and so drag her, unconscious, to the shore where she pressed the water out of her and revived her.

Growing up at Fort Colvile, where her father was posted in 1852, Christina, as the eldest daughter in a large and growing family, was early charged with duties and responsibilities. Apparently she was especially close to her father, who liked to take her along for company on his field trips. One such journey took father and daughter into the country near Grand Forks. Here, when a satchel containing important papers fell into

a flooded stream, Christina at once plunged into the water and rescued the Chief Trader's documents. To commemorate her courage and her quickness of mind, the stream was named "Christina Creek", while the lake out of which it flowed became known as "Christina Lake".[2]

In 1859 the Royal Engineers engaged in marking the 49th parallel for the British Boundary Commission established a base close to Fort Colvile. Needless to say, the R.E.s visited the H.B.C. post on frequent occasions, including a Christmas dinner in 1860 at which, according to Lieutenant Wilson, "we had songs, sentimental & patriotic & innumerable Scotch reels, Highland flings, & Mr. Macdonald ...gave us a capital sword dance". To a Royal Engineer photographer at Fort Colvile we owe a photograph of young Christina, and to Lieutenant Wilson a vivid word picture of her and her family setting out on a trip:

We had a rather amusing scene here the other day which would have caused civilized people to open their eyes: the departure of Macdonald, the Hudson's Bay officer here, and his family on a hunting excursion. They went off mounted by twos and threes: Mrs. Macdonald, a French Half-breed, leading, perched on a curious saddle used by women here, one of her younger daughters behind her, and the baby swinging in its Indian cradle from the pommel; next came Miss Christine who is about 17, with her gaily beaded leggings and moccasins, and gaudy shawl flying in the wind, she had a younger sister behind her and in front a small brother perched like a young monkey on the high pommel, next came the boys two and two on horseback and last Macdonald himself on his buffalo runner, surrounded by a crowd of Indians and half-breeds, to which add some 40 or 50 pack horses and spare animals rushing wildly about with the shots and cries of their attendants and you have a fine scene of excitement and confusion[3].

In 1862, their assignment completed, the Royal Engineers abandoned their Colvile post and returned to England. For a few more years, harassed by the Americans, the H.B.C. continued to hang onto Fort Colvile. It was probably in 1865 that Chief Trader MacDonald was dispatched to Portland, Oregon, to attend meetings to settle the American indemnity for the H.B.C.'s losses south of the 49th Parallel. MacDonald was reluctant to undertake the journey but brightened up considerably when Christina offered to accompany him. Thus it was that she came to make her first trip "outside", travelling down the Snake and Columbia Rivers (using three successive steamers) to reach the coast, where MacDonald transacted his business and introduced his daughter to the widow of Dr.

McLoughlin, whom the Americans regarded as "the Father of Oregon"

A few years later Christina left Fort Colvile for good, the old post, the H.B.C.'s last on American soil, having finally closed. Christina was now a married woman, having wed James McKenzie, her father's clerk. As Angus MacDonald had retired from the H.B.C.'s service, it was McKenzie, accompanied by Christina, who made the long journey from Fort Colvile to Clinton, then by coach down the Cariboo Road, and on to Victoria, to deliver Fort Colvile's records to the Hudson's Bay Company's Pacific headquarters. Early on this long journey the McKenzie's route took them by Christina Lake, where she had a scary experience best reported in her own words:

We took Joe LaFlure (La Fleur) one of the old Hudson's Bay Company men with us. When we came to Christina Creek, LaFlure said in French, "Here is your Creek, Christina". Christina Lake and Creek are named after me. The water was high. La Flure swam across with the horses. Then a tree was felled from each side crossing in the middle making an improvised bridge. McKenzie crossed first with the gold dust. La Flure tied a rope of braided buffalo hair to me and taking up his pack and one end of the rope crossed ahead, I followed. In some way La Flure forgot and dropped the rope and when he got across nearly fainted to find that he had not kept hold of the other end of the rope he had so carefully tied to me. At Clinton La Flure turned back to Colvile with the horses and we proceeded to Victoria[4].

Safely arrived in Victoria, Christina gave birth to her first child. Subsequently James McKenzie, accompanied by his wife and child, was sent to take charge of the H.B.C. post at Kamloops. After two years he resigned from the Company's service and went into business on his own account. A year later he died, leaving Christina a widow with three small children.

During her widowhood, Christina's spunk and initiative really emerged. Years later she proudly noted her achievement:

On Mr. McKenzie's death I was appointed administrator of his estate and took charge of and ran the trading post at Kamloops in competition with the Hudson's Bay Company and the independent traders and, (although) a woman and with limited capital, I more than held my own with them, for I was raised in the fur-trade and had been a companion of my father so long that I knew the business thoroughly. I have made a lot of money [5].

On one trip to Victoria to buy stock for her store, Christina met the great Sir James Douglas. She had had earlier opportunities to meet him but had fought shy of them, saying she had "no time for visiting or soci-

ety". But now he came up to her where she was buying cases of shoes, and broke in with "So you are Christina MacDonald!" He was keen that Christina come around to his house with him, but she declined. Sir James, not to be put off so easily however, a little later sent his coachman and carriage around to Christina's hotel for her.

I dined with him and met Lady Douglas and the girls. Mrs, Douglas was a little woman. We talked in our excitement in French and Indian and in mixed English and Lady Douglas remarked how she liked to hear the old language again [6].

Christina found Governor Douglas a great ladies' man and long remembered how, all the time they were talking, he held her hand, stroking and petting it. He confided that he wished that his daughter Mrs. Bushby was as competent a woman of affairs as Christina.

The peak of Christina's career as a business woman came with another of those buying trips to Victoria. Let her tell the story:

In the spring of the long hard winter, 1873-74, the stores of trading posts at Kamloops had exhausted their stocks. The Hudson's Bay Company and wealthy merchants had hired ahead of me all the available transportation, oxen, mule, and horse teams, to get in their own supplies, and thought they had gotten ahead of me. I sent word by Indian courier to Letton (Lytton) to the Indian pack train at Ingomen that I was going to load with groceries and supplies, and for them to be ready. I took 1500 marten skins and other furs, and selling them for $35,000, bought my supplies, with instructions that the goods be shipped to Yale B.C. When the freight arrived at Yale the Indians met me... and we proceeded over the mountains with my goods long before the big freight teams of the Hudson's Bay Company and the big merchants could get through. I sold all my groceries, tobacco and whiskey to them before their own supplies arrived. I never lost a pound of tobacco nor a bottle, nor a drop of liquor while it was handled by my Indians [7].

In 1877 Christina sold her business in Kamloops, took as her second husband a Shuswap rancher, Charles E. Williams, bought a ranch close to where Chase now stands, and opened a store by the steamboat landing there.

So far during these Kamloops-Shuswap years, Christina's father, old Angus, in his retirement had been ranching in Montana, but late in the summer of 1880 he set out via Colvile, Penticton, and Monte Creek to visit Christina, meet his new son-in-law, and stay with them over the winter. He was a bit startled to find out that the slender girl he had once

known was "now a large woman" weighing over two hundred pounds" but still exhibiting the old hardihood, bathing for over an hour in the cold waters of the South Thompson. Soon father and daughter were off on excursions. One of the first was to "an Indian donations feast, or feast of the dead" held by some three hundred Indians, who took their turns in going in and out of a large newly created kickwillee house. The donation feast seems to have been some sort of memorial for a deceased Indian notable. At its end, Angus, his daughter and son-in-law floated two and a half miles downstream to their home, their way lit by stars (it was one o'clock in the morning) while father and daughter joined in singing an old Gaelic boat song[8].

The winter passed agreeably. When spring came, Christina had as an overnight guest Major Rogers on his way to find a pass for the C.P.R. near the headwaters of the Illecillewaet River. That spring her father travelled to Lac La Hache to visit the widow of his old acquaintance, Chief Factor, Peter Skene Ogden. Finally the time came for his last farewells to Christina as he left for New Westminster and Victoria before returning to his ranch in Montana.

In 1888 Christina and her husband sold their property at Shuswap and moved to Montana, almost certainly to care for her old father, who died the following year. Having left Canada, she did not return. The last we know of her is that in 1917 she was living in Idaho.

And so we take our leave of a British Columbia and Washington original. Recollections of her linger. We remember Captain J.G. Parker's account of how she saddled and mounted her horse at the Fort Colvile barn, rode out into the barnyard and, finding the boy had removed only the top bar from the five bar gate, took her horse over and above the rest with one tremendous leap and was gone with the wind. One remembers, too, her long stagecoach journeys between Kamloops and Yale:

In my journeys to and fro on the stage I used to set (sic) on the seat with the various drivers and when their hands were stiff with the strain and cold I would take the lines myself and spell them off, something which few men could do.[9]

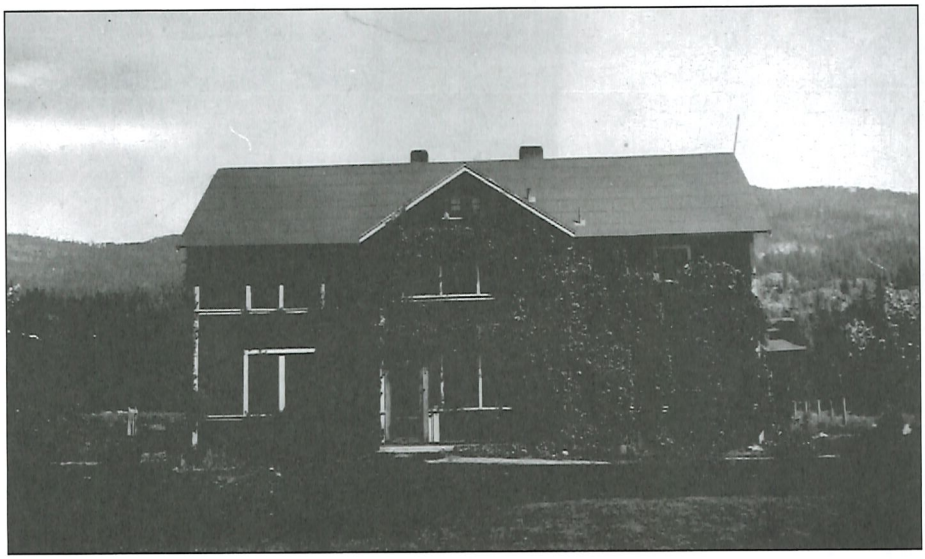
"Something which few men could do" - there is an exultant pride behind that phrase. "Women's Studies" are now all the fashion, and belatedly more individual women are getting recognized in the history books. One who surely deserves a niche there is indomitable Christina MacDonald McKenzie Williams, who did as well or better than the men in a man's world and, as she wanted us to know, made a lot of money too!

1.- Christina MacDonald McKenzie Williams."The Daughter of Angus MacDonald",Washington Historical Quarterly, XIII(April, 1922),p.107
2.- R.F.Sandner, "History of Christina Lake",Boundary Historical Society Report(1958),p.l. Also R.W.Haggen, "Origin of Place Names in the Boundary District, B.C"., Provincial Archives of British Columbia, MS.1945.
3.- Charles Wilson, "Mapping the Frontier", Toronto,(1970), p.165
4.- Williams, op.cit.,p.114
5.- Ibid.,p115
6.- Ibid.,p.116
7.- Ibid.,p.116
8.- Angus MacDonald,"A Few Items of the West", ed., Howay,Lewis, and Meyers, Washington Historical Society, VIII (July 1917),p.209
9.- Williams, op.cit., p.116

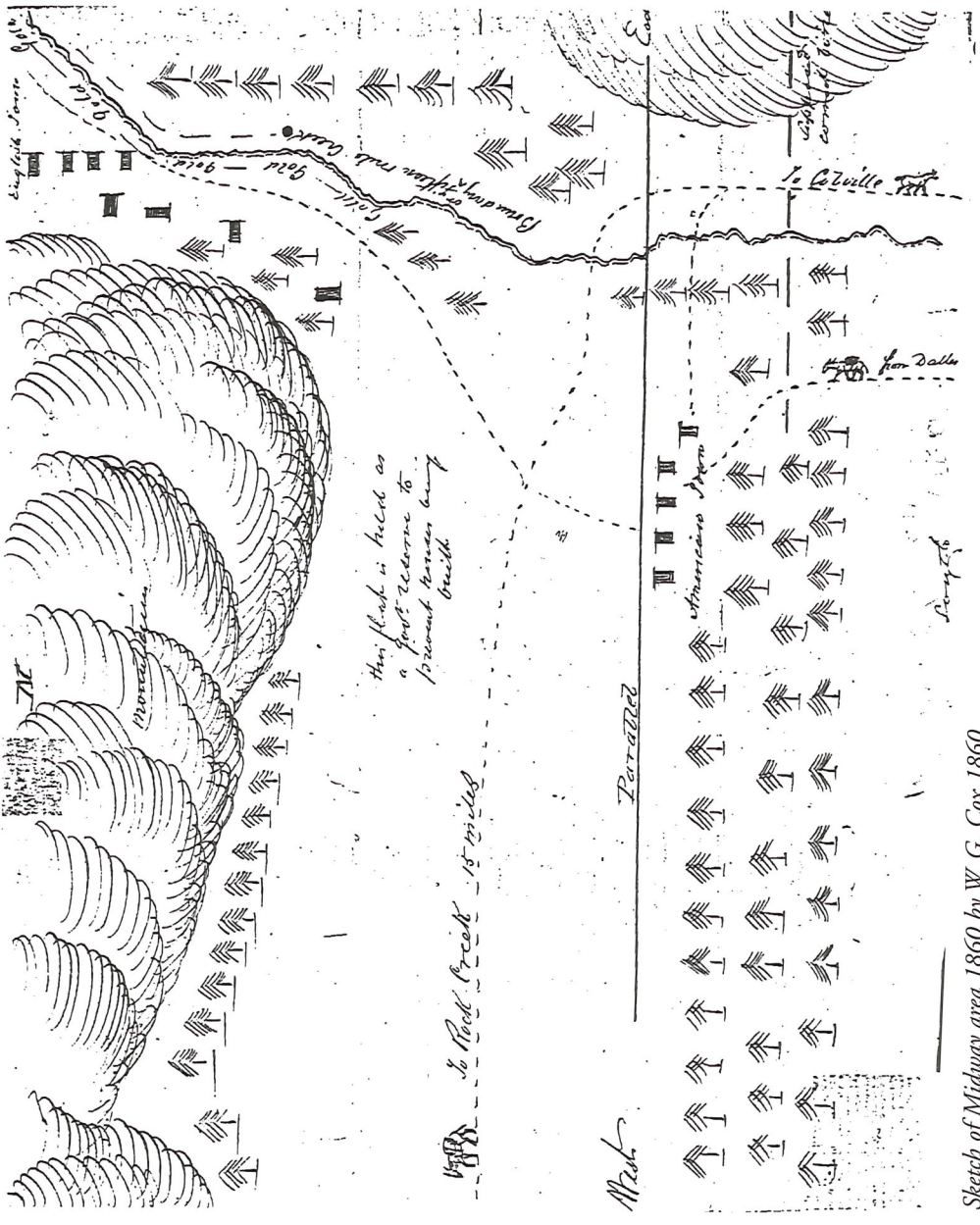
Story from: "Shuswap Chronicles", The North Shuswap Historical Society(1990), Vol.3, p.49

Editor's Note: G.P.V. Akrigg and his wife, Helen B. Akrigg, well known historians, have co-authored British Columbia Chronicles, Vol.1 1778-1846, Vol.2 1847-1871, and British Columbia Place Names. In February 1995, they received the first annual B.C. Heritage Award.

* The present day spelling is Colville.



Kingsley's Resort Hotel 1930's, Christina Lake



Sketch of Midway area 1860 by W. G. Cox 1860

2
Rock Creek History
By Sue Dahlo

The town of Rock Creek was established in 1860, making it the earliest settled town in the southern interior of British Columbia. It was the site of a great gold rush in that year. The Crown Colony of British Columbia was still in its infancy having only been proclaimed on November 19, 1858.

Gold was discovered at Rock Creek in October 1859 and by the spring of 1860,miners were rushing to the latest Eldorado, coming up from Washington Territory via the old fur brigade trails. The 49th parallel had been established as the border between American and British territory in 1846, but was only now starting to be surveyed by the British and American Boundary Commissions. Rock Creek was to be the testing ground of the ability of the Governor and his officials to establish British rule in the wild frontier of the mainland interior. This was not an easy task because of the wildness of the country, the mountains and the close proximity to the border, but Governor Douglas's will was tireless and inflexible and he was able to establish the authority of the Crown in this Colony, right down to the 49th parallel. The gold rush to Rock Creek became the impetus that eventually resulted in the development of the whole southern interior of the province.

Rock Creek is situated on the Kettle River[1], a tributary of the Columbia River. The town is situated where Rock Creek flows into the Kettle River. The fur trade was centered on the Columbia River system and primitive fur brigade trails were to be found along all the tributaries of the Columbia where they stretched up into New Caledonia[2]. One of the many fur brigade trails passed up the Kettle and through to Fort Kamloops on the Thompson River. Gold was first discovered on the Pend Oreille River (a Columbia tributary) in 1855 and within three years the sleepy fur trade industry in New Caledonia was replaced with the boom and bust industry of gold mining. With that first discovery of gold, the veterans of the California gold rush of 1849 again became active and

William O'Donnell Blacksmith shop at Rock Creek left - Hebe Bennet, c. E. Williamson.

began prospecting all the rivers of New Caledonia. Two early pioneers of the Boundary area, Jolly Jack Thornton and Charlie Dietz boasted that they had placer mined in the area in 1857.

In April 1858, the Gold Rush was on to the Fraser River. By mid-summer, 30,000 souls were crowded on the Fraser up to the mouth of the Thompson. Two-thirds had come by way of the Fraser, but one-third had come over the many fur brigade trails east of the Cascades. The traders from Fort Colville in Washington territory supplied all the country above Yale much as they had done for years for the fur traders. Where there had been only a few souls associated with the fur trade before, overnight, New Caledonia had to cope with the influx of miners and all the attendant problems of this new activity. As the nearest representative of the British authority, the Chief Factor of the Hudson's Bay Company and Governor of Vancouver Island, James Douglas seized the initiative to establish British control of New Caledonia. Douglas was proclaimed Governor of the newly created Colony of British Columbia on November 19, 1858 at Fort Langley. He worked tirelessly all year establishing a government to collect miner's licenses and customs duties, to record claims and to police this vast province. The miners, who were mostly American were resentful that the gold lay in that "darned English country".

By September 1859, on paper at least, the Crown Colony under Douglas was becoming well organized, and the Gold Fields Act came into

William O'Donnell's touring Car circa 1918
c. E. Williamson

effect. Judge Begbie who had written the Act set off on foot accompanied by Peter O'Reilly (Gold Commissioner and Magistrate at Fort Hope) and Arthur Bushby to explain to the magistrates and mining population the effect and application of the new laws. At the same time Douglas sent Lt. Palmer of the Royal Engineers to survey a route from Hope into the new gold area on the Similkameen River (gold had been discovered there by Hudson's Bay employees). Begbie accompanied Palmer to the Tulameen River and then he and his party went north to Kamloops while Lt. Palmer proceeded eastward close to the southernmost border of British Columbia, passing south of Lake Okanagan and eventually reaching Fort Colville in American territory.

Coincidently at the same time that Palmer was proceeding south-east, a Canadian from Upper Canada, Adam Beam, was enroute from Fort Colville to the gold diggings on the Similkameen. Stopping at York Creek (Rock Creek), Beam discovered gold nuggets. He staked a claim in late October, 1859 and Lt. Palmer reported this find to Governor Douglas. Since it was too late in the year to begin work on his claim Beam waited until the spring of 1860 to start work. On May 7, 1860 Beam began work on his claim and in six weeks had made $977.00. Word travelled fast and

Town of Rock Creek - Early years
c. National Archives of Canada

a rush of miners converged on Rock Creek. Robert Stevenson, one of these miners, arrived at Rock Creek on June 22, 1860 and he said that there were 2000 miners in the area and that they were "nothing more than a pack of border ruffians who would have slit your throat to obtain your claim if it was worth anything. It was the roughest lot of blackguards I was ever amongst". Most of the prospectors who flooded in to Rock Creek were from the United States and the merchants who supplied the miners' needs brought in their provisions from south of the line. However, there was no official to collect miners fees, enforce laws or collect customs duties, so the revenue from the Rock Creek gold rush was flowing south across the border. There were rumours that Douglas would be sending an official soon. Charles Wilson, R.E. who was the secretary to the British Boundary Commission surveying the 49th Parallel wrote of passing through Rock Creek, "We were at first taken for customs house officers or gold collectors who were supposed to be on their way from the Fraser River, but after we had explained that we had no connection with the colony we were most hospitably treated".

Governor Douglas was vigilant to avert the dangers of American occupation and economic penetration, It had become imperative to open up trade from Fort Hope. He arranged to have Skiyou, a famous Similkameen bear hunter, explore a new pass to the Similkameen River, and Douglas himself went to Hope on June 5 to question him. From Skiyou's information, Douglas called the miners together and offered to stake them to undertake a mining expedition. O'Reilly completed the arrangements and John Allison[4] led the expedition, reporting a month later that there was gold up the north fork of the Similkameen. In August, Douglas had Judge Begbie draft a proclamation to authorize the issuing of bonds to raise money for the construction of a trail or road called the "Shimilkomeen Road". Edgar Dewdney[5], a civilian surveyor, was the lowest bidder and got the contract to build the mule trail eastward from Hope. Walter Moberley was contracted by Dewdney to help in this task. Very soon they started the road building. During that summer, Governor Douglas sent Peter O'Reilly, the Gold Commissioner at Fort Hope (who had responsibility for Similkameen and Rock Creek) to have a look at the situation in Rock Creek and to collect at the very least the mining fees due, but the miners flatly refused to take out mining licenses or to file their claims with O'Reilly. When they passed from snarling to verbal abuse to hurling stones, O'Reilly retreated back to Hope. This confrontation became widely known as the "Rock Creek War".
The British Colonist reported the following news on August 14, 1860:

THE BEST NEWS YET!

ROCK CREEK A SUCCESS!

From $20 to $100 per day to the hand

The Wilson G. Hunt, Captain Welch, arrived from Fraser River on Saturday evening last, bringing very few passengers and mail. From several of the passengers and from the correspondence published below, we learn that the greatest excitement exists at the various towns on Fraser River, regarding the Rock Creek mines, and the discovery of a silver mine, a short distance above Fort Hope.

Arrival of Dunbar's Pony Express from

Rock Creek

NEW WESTMINSTER, Aug.10, 1860

THE ROCK CREEK MINES

Editor British Colonist: Mr. George Dunbar, Pony Express man connecting with Ballou's Fraser River Express, arrived at Hope in four and one-half days from Rock Creek. He left Rock Creek on the 3d.(August 3), and reports about 300 men at work there, making from $5 to $20 per day, and several as high as $100 per day. The miners all seem contented, and feel certain of doing well. The miners are leaving Canal (Quesnel) River for Rock Creek. He met two trains (40 mules) coming from the Dalles (Oregon) with provisions for Rock Creek. It takes 20 days for trains to go from the Dalles to Rock Creek, and 10 days from Hope. Distance from Hope to Rock Creek, 150 miles; from Hope to South Fork of the Similkameen (where new diggings are discovered), 70 miles. Dunbar was delayed half a day, otherwise he could have made the distance in four days with a good horse. The first 18 miles of the trail from Hope is quite bad owing to mud, and the mules have some trouble, but once over that, the trail is fine the remainder of the distance. A man can walk to Rock Creek in six days from Hope ... The course from Hope to Rock Creek is nearly east, or a very little south of east. Freight from the Dalles to Rock Creek, 20c per lb., from Hope to head waters of Similkameen, 16c per lb., and from there to Rock Creek, about 4c per lb. No train has yet gone through to the new diggings from Hope, but will, probably, in a few days. Miners can work nearly all the year at Rock Creek. No bar diggings there, but bench and bed-rock diggings. It is the opinion of old miners that the main diggings at British Columbia and Washington Territory have just been struck at Rock Creek and Similkameen. The gold on the former is all very coarse, requiring no quicksilver.

Letter from Rock Creek

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Rock Creek, July 27, 1860

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W.H.Sutton, Esq., Fort Hope:

"I arrived here on the 24th of July. Plenty of gold here and coarse at that! Ten miles of the creek is taken up. No claim has yet failed that has been worked. Several are making $20 to $30 per day and some more. Cannot buy an interest in some claims for $3,000. Provisions very scarce. Whiskey (as they call it) $6 per gallon. China brandy (no other liquor here). Built and others building; two saloons, one butcher's shop, one hotel, and five stores. About five hundred men on the creek and about two hundred on the river. I bought a claim for $50 today. Another town is started half-way up the creek. I would advise all my friends to come out here, plenty of diggings for all, wages are from four to five dollars per day."

In September1860, Governor Douglas set off on his planned trip to the mainland. He had to add to his plans a visit to Rock Creek to quell the "Rock Creek War". He appointed William G. Cox, who had been the collector of customs at Kamloops as a Justice of the Peace and Gold Commissioner at Rock Creek. Cox, whom Douglas thought of as "peculiarly well adapted for frontier service, where tact and a resolute will are indispensible qualities" arrived in Rock Creek on September 16.

On September 25, Governor Douglas arrived at Rock Creek. He had gone up the Harrison route to Lillooet to assure the Indians that his government would treat them well and not expel them from their traditional lands, then he went down to Lytton and proceeded by way of the Thompson, Nicola and Similkameen Rivers[6] to Rock Creek. At Rock Creek, Douglas, wearing his full official uniform, addressed 300 miners and told them that the good news was that a wagon road would be put through from Hope and that the Colville (Kettle) River would be bridged. He then told them "without enforcement of law there could be no security and therefore no prosperity" and if they would not comply with the British law, he would visit again, this time with five hundred marines. He thereby asked the miners to give their full support to W.G. Cox, the Gold Commissioner and to Robert Stevenson who Douglas had appointed to the post of Customs Officer. Stevenson was reported to be "a big man,

big enough to command respect and the Indians knew him as the man who had no fear". At the end of his speech Douglas asked his audience to wait inside the unfinished saloon which had been their meeting-place until he could get to the door and shake each man by the hand as he left. At this gesture, the miners burst into applause and thus the authority of Her Majesty's government was established at Rock Creek. Afterwards Cox, in his correspondence, repeatedly reported to the Governor that all was quiet in Rock Creek, no drunkenness, no fighting, no brawling. During the 13 months that Cox was in charge he reported only one crime in the camp—the man was guilty of robbing sluice boxes and was drummed out of town, Cox declining to send him to jail on account of the expense.

Governor Douglas returned to the coast via the new "Shimilkomeen Road". He stopped at Yale and dispatched John Haynes who had served as a constable and deputy collector of customs to Rock Creek, appointing him as magistrate and deputy collector of customs. Douglas told Dewdney, Moberley and the Royal Engineers that now he wanted not just a mule trail but a wagon road all the way from Hope to Rock Creek.

On November 20, 1860, Cox wrote to W.A.C. Young, Colonial Secretary to report that "a large billiard saloon has lately been built and adds much to the good appearance of the town. There are now, without including cabins or huts, twenty-three good large houses or stores". Eli and Marie Lequime were typical of the miners drawn to the Rock Creek Gold strike. Gold had drawn them from France to the California goldfields and then, in 1859, it pulled them further north to the lower reaches of the Fraser. They walked to Fort Hope and spent the winter at Strawberry Island. In the Summer of 1860, the family set off with other miners and followed the trails to Vermillion Forks (Princeton), and through the valleys and mountain passes to Rock Creek. Their two small sons were carried in panniers on the back of an ox, while Marie walked with the men, travelling 180 miles on foot.

At Rock Creek,their arrival made little impression on the 4,000 men who already were taking out most of the gold. The new group found work sharpening picks and axes. Marie washed clothes and cooked. Charles Wilson, R.E. wrote in his diary: "We returned to our old camping place, on nearing which we saw something we could not make out. "It is", "no, it can't be", such were the expressions; we put our horses to the gallop and, yes, there it was as large as life, in all the grandeur of the most

expensive crinoline, a "petticoat in the wilderness"! We could scarcely believe our eyes but yet it was true. This enterprising woman (English, bye the bye) had travelled on horseback over the mountains, through forest and plain, fording the mountain torrents and exposed to all the changes of the weather, and was on her way to set up an inn at Rock Creek, the first white woman who had ever penetrated into these wilds; she was accompanied by her husband, a fine-looking Englishman[7], and on the backs of sundry mules were packed all the household "fixings" for the future benefit of houseless wanderers in the valley of Nehoialpitku (Kettle). Success attend her endeavors for she is worthy of it!"

Life for the miner was a difficult one and few struck it rich. A poor miner by the name of Edwin wrote a letter to his wife on November 24, 1860. From Rock Creek he wrote "... it took us 20 days to cross the Mountains and get here, it was the hardest trip I ever took being over 300 miles and that on foot...we arrived here all safe and I took up a claim on the north fork of Rock Creek. We worked it about five weeks and then gave it up as it would not pay. I then started for the Similkameen and hired out by the day. I thought that I would get enough to buy a horse and leave the Country but here again my bad luck followed me and I worked until I had earned sixty dollars and the water rose and drove us out just as we had gotten the sluices set and I got nothing. I then took my blankets on my back and started back for Rock Creek, twenty-five miles. When I got here I was as poor as...and had to rustle around to find something to do. I went to work for Mr. McKay and worked for him a spell and then bought one-half of his claim for which I am to pay him when it comes out of the claim. I am to pay him $500. I am in hopes that it is a good claim but we can't work any more this fall for it is as cold as Greenland here. Provisions are very high here: flour, $40 per barrel; pork, 50 cents/lb.; tea $1.50/lb.; sugar 50 cents/lb.; potatoes, 20 cents/lb.; and beans 30 cents/lb. It is three hundred miles to the Post Office and we have no express—What do you think of that? It is getting dark and I must bring this to a close for we have got no light and candles are $1.25 per pound."

Cox was optimistic that there would soon be a large increase in the population of Rock Creek with a corresponding increase in the revenue flowing into the government coffers. With this in view he had an iron safe[8], weighing about 1200 pounds, packed in from the Dalles. In November, 1860, it was ascertained that $83,000 in gold had been taken

out of the Creek. In addition to this, considerable gold had been taken out by miners who had left the camp without disclosing what they had made. The people were anxiously waiting for the Governor to make some move toward having the townsite surveyed.

John Haynes arrived in Rock Creek on October 15, 1860. By November, Cox had a customs house built at Similkameen and sent Haynes there to collect customs. In January, 1861, Cox had overseen the construction of a bridge over the Colville (Kettle) River. Then in February he let a contract to build a Government House at Rock Creek, which by April 1st was finished. Unfortunately, by April there was not much confidence in Rock Creek as news of other gold strikes was luring the miners away. Cox reported that his time was taken up with the Customs Department—"the scope of country to be guarded against contraband action is extensive".

On November 15, Cox reported that Rock Creek was completely abandoned and he handed over to Haynes the full charge of the

Hydraulic Mining Provincial Archives, Victoria

Similkameen-Rock Creek district. Sadly the gold rush was over—the bustling town that was reported at times to contain 4000 people was now a ghost town. Cox predicted in a letter to the Colonial Secretary on November 15, 1861 that "this district will yet be worked, as all confess its auriferous worth, but fresh excitement must naturally have their sway". Cox went to Fort Shepherd on the Pend Oreille River as magistrate and later in 1862 he moved to the Cariboo to assist the Gold Commissioner there, Peter O'Reilly. The wagon road that Douglas had ordered built in 1860, was completed to 25 miles east of Hope by Captain J.M.Grant and then with other promising discoveries luring miners north, the wagon road building was stopped and the existing trail was widened. All resources were commandeered to build the Cariboo Road. Governor Douglas had this road constructed starting in Spring 1862, again to divert the Columbia River trade to the Fraser. Despite this road, the Customs officials at Osoyoos were very busy. March 1862, saw the closing of the Rock Creek station and the headquarters of the Rock Creek-Similkameen district were transferred to Osoyoos.

In 1865, Edgar Dewdney was commissioned once again to build the southern road—this time to go through Rock Creek over the old survey

Trap Shooting across from Riverside circa 1917 c/o E. Williamson

and continuing to Wild Horse Creek. This trail was completed in the remarkably short time of 7 months. Although the trail was built to serve the placer gold miners, first at Rock Creek and then later at Wild Horse Creek, it played a more important part in opening up vast new mineral discoveries along and adjacent to its route by the lode miner. By the 1890's, the trail from the Tulameen River to Wild Horse Creek was a continuous chain of very rich mining camps.

Rock Creek has continued to exist since 1860. At various times in its history there have been vigorous mining activities on this Creek—the miners always believing there had to be a mother lode that fed gold into the Creek. In 1865, when Dewdney was building the road to Wild Horse Creek, he stopped at Rock Creek and found a few Chinese miners washing for gold. The Colonist on Dec. 10, 1870 reported:

"The Rock Creek Flume Company has ceased work after washing up $3000. The Company is sanguine as to next year's work—the ground prospecting better than heretofore."

Henry Nicholson came in 1872 and kept up his hopes over his next 45 years, that the mother lode would be found. Henry's daughter, Bessie Pittendrigh reported that: "Rock Creek when I first saw it, in the fall of 1890 was a very quiet place. There was some panning for gold along the Creek ...The Laura Hydraulic Company had come in a couple of seasons previously with machinery to wash down the upper bench above Rock Creek. They had a small sawmill and from it they supplied the lumber to build their long flume up the creek. They had also put up a bunk house for their men and an office building. The only other white people in business at the Creek were James Haddican, and Malcolm McQuaig, who had a stopping place, consisting of three log buildings and a barn." She returned in April 1894 after a few years away and reported: "Rock Creek was more lively at this time. Mr. Pittendrigh bought the James Haddican property, and he was appointed Postmaster, there being a regular weekly stage to Camp McKinney, and it carried the mail." At this time the gold rush was not at the town of Rock Creek but at Camp McKinney near the headwaters of Rock Creek. Over the years a few have tried panning for gold in the creek without much success, but the interest continues. Every year, prospectors try their luck at finding the elusive "mother lode".

Rock Creek has always been an important location. The Indians passed through on their hunting expeditions, then the fur traders used the route up the Kettle River passing Rock Creek. In 1860, Rock Creek was

the terminus of the Dewdney trail—the destination of gold miners. In 1865, the Dewdney trail was continued from Rock Creek east to Wild Horse Creek. It has seen two railroads built through it or near it-the Great Northern and C.P.R. Two highways converge at Rock Creek—Highway 3 and Highway 33. All through its history it has been a stopping place for travellers. The gold rush to Rock Creek was the impetus that opened up the southern interior for settlement and it continues to exist as the centre of the farming community it serves today. Rock Creek will celebrate this year the 50th anniversary of the Rock Creek Fall Fair, one of the best country fairs in B.C.

1. It is worth noting that in all the letters written about this time, and in the newspapers, the name, Kettle River, is written Colville River or the Indian name Nehoialpitku River. The North American Boundary Commission mentioned that the Indian name for Rock Creek was Senasket-ville.
2. New Caledonia, was the name of the territory of British Columbia before 1858. In order to avoid confusion with a French colony, the name of the colony was changed from New Caledonia to British Columbia, a choice made by Queen Victoria.
3. The Gold Commissioners were able to prevent almost entirely in British Columbia, the lawlessness and bloodshed that marred the gold rush in California.
4. He married Susan Moir in 1868 and together they ranched and ran a trading post and raised 14 children in the Princeton area. Susan's life was incredibly adventurous and courageous and is recorded in the book, "A Pioneer Gentlewomen in British Columbia: the Recollections of Susan Allison," Edited by Margaret A. Ormsby.
5. Born in Devon and trained in engineering, Dewdney had come to Victoria in 1859. He contracted to build the road for 76 pounds sterling a mile, payable 1000 pounds sterling in cash and the remainder in bonds bearing 6% interest and redeemable in December of 1860,1861, and 1862. The actual location of the road was determined by a party of Royal Engineers under Sergeant McColl, closely following the Anderson Trail used by the Hudson's Bay Company. Moberly and Dewdney opened a trail from Hope to the Similkameen by September 1860. Douglas ordered them to build a wagon road and then work was taken over by Captain Grant with eighty Sappers and ninety civilians. Dewdney married Jane Moir, Susan Allison's sister.
6. On his way through Vermillion Forks Douglas named it Princetown or Princeton in honour of the Prince of Wales (later King Edward VII) who was visiting in Eastern Canada at the time.
7. Eli and Marie Lequime were from Bordeaux, France.

8. Iron Safe: This heavy safe was moved by Haynes to Osoyoos in 1864. In 1878, the customs in Osoyoos burned down, destroying most of the belongings of the Haynes family. However, the safe was tumbled end-over-end and moved to safety by Theodore Kruger, who, needless to say, was a man of prodigious strength.

Editors Note: Sue Dahlo (nee Eek) of North Vancouver has written several well researched articles for the Boundary Historical Society.

Acknowledgements

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34. Edwin Fitzgerald Letters in British Columbia Provincial Archives

3
William Cox: Gold Commissioner
By Sue Dahlo(Eek)

William G. Cox was born in Ireland in 1822. Late in 1857, at the age of 35, he ended a 12-year banking career in Dublin and emigrated to New York. Just prior to leaving Ireland he married Sophia E. Webb at Donnybrook on November 6, 1857. The marriage lasted only 10 months, William and Sophia parted in August 1858, she returned to Ireland and William proceeded to British Columbia, arriving in December. Cox carried "very high testimonials" and was also a friend of J.D. Pemberton, colonial surveyor and engineer for the Hudson's Bay Company. Pemberton in turn recommended him to Chartres Brew, the newly appointed Police Chief of B.C. Needless to say, Cox was immediately employed and was sent to Fort Yale as a constable. Cox was of the Anglo-Irish gentry and had some of the cavalier attitude traditionally associated with this class. He along with many of the early administrators in this province, was Irish and they all shared an ability to be friendly and out-going, yet respected by the communities they served for their sense of fair play, their sensitivity and their generosity. They seemed to fit comfortably into the rugged, colonial society.

Dr. Walter Cheadle, an early explorer and writer, described William as a "fat, tall, thick set fellow ... delicately polite, gentlemanly and jolly." He had a good sense of humour—Judge Begbie wrote from the Cariboo gold fields to a friend in 1865 that "almost the only fun is in Cox's stories, which are as untransmissible as valdpenas or mandarin tea". He was a generous man; while still in Ireland he showered his mother with extravagant gifts and it is noted that Cox and Begbie paid personally to send a destitute miner (lunatic) to the coast from the Cariboo.

In July 1859, Cox was appointed a Deputy Collector of Customs and was sent to Kamloops from Yale. In September, 1860 he was sent to Rock Creek as Gold Commissioner and Justice of the Peace. In the same capacity, he was sent to the Cariboo mines in 1863 and then to the Columbia

and Kootenay district in 1867. He was made a county court judge in 1866, and was appointed to the Legislative Council of British Columbia in 1867 and 1868.

Cox carried out his duties with a flourish; he had a sense of humour and a great understanding of human character. Among the miners, he was popular. His sometimes unconventional "legal" decisions added a lighter tone to the otherwise somber official duties; on one occasion he required the disputants over a mining claim to settle their difference by a foot race from the court house to the disputed claim; on another he assisted in the ceremony of drumming out of Rock Creek an Englishman who had been robbing the sluice boxes. He once demonstrated to two Chinese disputants his dislike of liars by smashing a plate with a shillelagh. Cox was tall and stocky and was able to defend his own honour with his fists, a course he once took when an American refused to recognize his position and authority as Revenue Officer. Dr. John S.Helmcken reminisced that "Cox governed more in Cariboo by (gentle in manner than firm in act) and was liked by the miners, for he did not put on much dignity—but was socially inclined ... Chinamen he used to swear (in) by ordering them to chop off a cock's head—or break a plate. What did you do with the cock? It became the property of the Court and I sent him home for dinner—why it was the only chance I had of getting a chicken dinner!"

According to Dr. Helmcken, Cox lived with an Indian woman. One is amused that Cox was given a seven piece silver tea service worth $2,000 by the grateful Government of B.C. for his part is quelling the Chilcotin uprising in 1864—a silver tea service in a rude shack or tent in the woods! Cox's family back in Ireland was upset by his domestic circumstances as there were some pretentions at a high social status and he was, after all, still married to Sophia. One of his brothers wrote to him, "I could not imagine this or anything but what is nice and delicate and in native simplicity refined in that girl you speak so sweetly of. To tell the truth about that affair, I think you could not help loving dearly such softness and tenderness—in fact a girl of such amiability in parts of the globe so rude and rough and savage could not but have an influence on your susceptible and easily affected heart but although I say this and no doubt would myself under the influence that you are unhappily laced in, perhaps fail in acting as I ought yet I say that the thing is unfortunate. May God in his answer to our constant messages for you my dearest brother deliver you out of this difficult and trying position, with one you hate at home and with one you

love abroad." It was not long before his wife back in Ireland was demanding support through official channels of the British Columbia Government. This personal controversy did not endear Cox to the Governor, Frederick Seymour.

It seems that Cox became careless and too cavalier in his attitude toward Governor Seymour. He had been appointed to the legislative Council of B.C. in 1867 by the Governor and was expected to support the Governor's policy positions. But not Cox! He agreed with Helmecken and others that the capital of the new unified Colony (the Colonies of British Columbia and Vancouver Island were joined in August, 1866) should be in Victoria instead of New Westminster. Although Governor Seymour could not sit in on the debate, it was clearly understood that he strongly favoured New Westminster as the capital. On April 2, 1868, the debate began in the Royal Engineers barracks in New Westminster (Legislative Council Chambers). Cox played a large part in the final outcome of the debate and was doubtless blamed by the Governor for the placing of the Colony's capital at Victoria. Mr.Cox had raised the ire of the Governor and now had to pay for his indiscretion.

Cox's office was abolished on May 31, 1868, with six months' salary as compensation. Cox's claim for further compensation was refused on November 16. Apparently he had some thought of appealing to the secretary of state for the colonies, but the government refused to supply him with copies of the relevant correspondence. In January 1869, in response to an inquiry from Cox's estranged wife in Ireland about her husband's activities and urging pressure on him for her support, Seymour had a reply sent stating that Cox was no longer in government employ.

Cox's tenure in office had come abruptly to an end. His friends gathered a year later to pay tribute to the affable man. This was reported in the British Colonist April 21, 1869: "Judge Cox was entertained at dinner by a number of his friends last evening at the "Richmond" The gathering was distinguished for its social character and as a deserved compliment to the genial gentleman in whose honour the entertainment was given proved a marked success. Mr. Cox will leave on the next steamer for California. He will carry with him the best wishes of his friends from Victoria to the foot of the Rocky Mountains."

What would happen to Cox now that he could no longer depend on the paycheques from the British Columbia government? He did go to California and was lost sight of for a time. Helmcken said that afterwards

Cox was heard of in straitened circumstances and he saw him in San Francisco—(in fact hunted him up, for he was more or less hiding from creditors)-in a public house—he looked very much the same and did not make any complaints, but this was only a year after his vote.

He tried hotel ownership as the British Colonist January 28, 1870, reported: "Judge Cox, we learn, has secured a partner with $10,000 in California and is about to embark in the hotel line near San Francisco. The partner is a former Cariboo miner."

Helmcken goes on to say: "Afterwards, no doubt being distressed and pressed, he sent some beautiful sketches for sale—he wanted money—Premier Elliott received them but no one would buy! I went round begging for him—but was told even by some who knew him well, drank and fed with him—"Times are so bad, I can't afford to give"—and a hundred similar excuses. Not one did the liberal thing—and all we collected did not amount to a hundred dollars! This from Victoria! to whom possibly Cox had sacrificed himself and position. My advice is, never be a politician unless one had independent means. If anyone looks to the public for pecuniary support in adversity, he will, according to my experience, be treated a la Cox."

Apparently, Cox was a very good artist. He had drawn some interesting sketches in his official correspondence from Rock Creek in 1860 and 1861. His art was being critically acclaimed according to the following letter from San Francisco in the British Colonist, December 10, 1870:

"Judge W.G. Cox lately of your colony has had on view during the past fortnight a crayon sketch of a tiger's head studied from life, the subject being the tiger at Woodward's Gardens. The press commends it as one of the best pictures ever shown here and the artist is in receipt of numerous orders for similar productions."

Given the general cultural context of the west coast of North America, "art" was not taken seriously or appreciated and it is not surprising that Cox had little financial success.

There is no report of Cox from 1870 to 1878 but he did follow another gold rush because he died at Bodie, California on October 6, 1878 at the age of 56. Bodie was a gold mining town in the Sierra Nevada in the 1870's when it had 12,000 miners.

Cox's obituary appeared in the Mainland Guardian November 16, 1878: "Almost every pioneer will remember Judge Cox, once popular and able administrator of the law in Cariboo when that district was in its

palmiest days. Mr. Cox was a genial, whole souled man, thoroughly just and honest in his decisions, and sympathetic and kindly in his treatment of the unfortunates. He has been known to fine a wrong-doer and pay the fine himself rather than commit the poor fellow to prison. He was appointed a Gold Commissioner by Sir James Douglas in 1859 and held the position until 1869 when he resigned and went to San Francisco where he gained a livelihood as an artist, his talents as a delineator of animals being of a high order. Some of his sketches still adorn the walls of places and rooms in this city and are highly prized. Mr. Cox died at Bodie, the 6th ultimo, rather suddenly."

William G. Cox played a prominent role in the early development of British Columbia. He, along with the early government administrators, was able to establish British law and order in the frontiers of the colony and thereby form the basis on which communities could form and develop.

Here is an example of Cox's letters:

Rock Creek
20 Nov. 1860

Sir,

I have now the pleasure to submit for His Excellency the Governor's information, the following particulars:

Number of miners at Rock Creek 119

Number of miners at 15-mile Creek (Boundary Creek) 115 average earnings per day $12

Some claims pay at times exceeding rich, for instance, Mess.Nowlan and Swartz took out on 6th instant (November 6th) $343, 3 men working, Mess. Kelly and Rice $180, 4 men working. These lucky hits are what the miners call pockets so that it's difficult to estimate the average pay.

J.C.Haynes saw a piece of gold taken out by Mess.Wetherman weighing some grains over 2 oz. which he was anxious to purchase and forward to His Excellency but without success as the owner was desirous of dispatching it to Oregon.

Average pay of labour $4 per day. Labour is low owing to the number of men (comparatively speaking) who are here and unable for lack of means to open claims for themselves.

Number of sluices working—Seven.

The frost having stopped general operations. The miners employed prospecting the banks and benches where good diggings have been discovered at an altitude of 40 feet above the water.

Five sections of aforementioned land, 160 acres each have been preempted,fenced and partially ploughed.

I have this morning been informed that a horse trail has been made without crossing the parallel which leads right to the American town at Boundary Creek, this is an unfortunate affair. I shall as soon as this express leaves ride down and find out all the particulars. However unless "Boundary or 15-mile Creek" improves by much there will not be much necessity for a large supply of provisions, therefore the imports will not be of much consequence. The town continues perfectly quiet. The House at Similkameen is nearly finished. McCaffrey is there and J.Haynes intends leaving for same place in three days. I beg to enclose for His Excellency's inspection a list of the prices of provisions. A large Billiard Saloon has lately been built and adds much to the good appearance of the town. There are now, without including cabins or huts, twenty-three good large houses and stores.

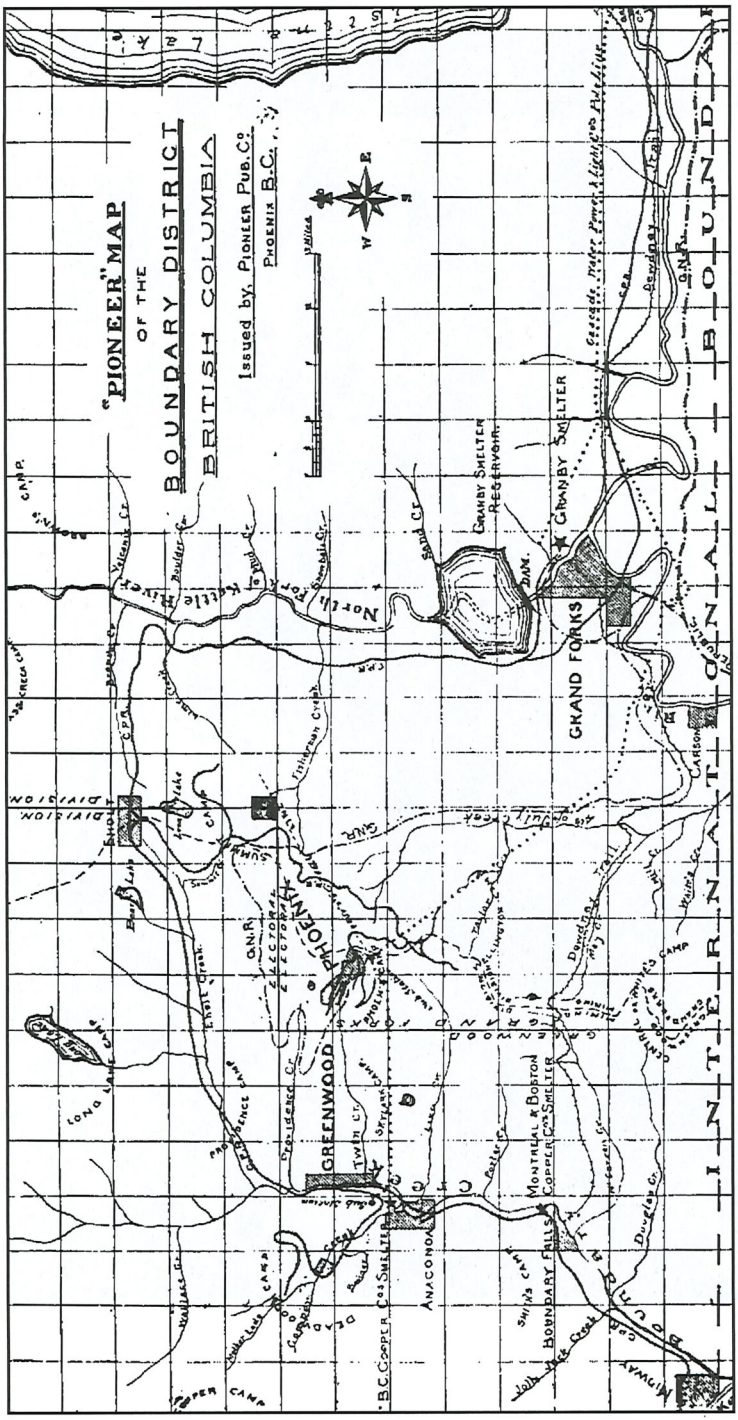
I have the honour to be Sir
Your most obedient servant

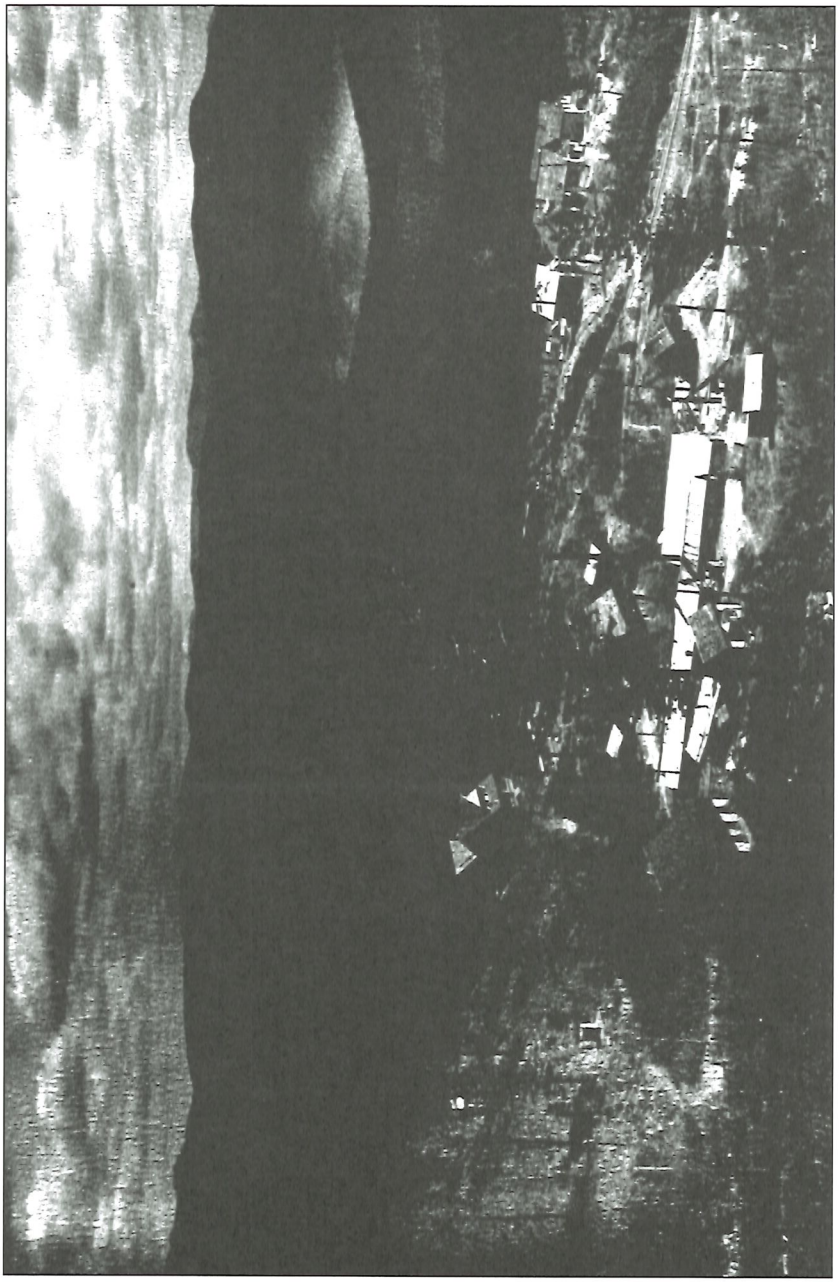
William G. Cox

Prices of provisions

Flour	20 c/lb	Butter	$1.00 /lb
Bacon	50 c/lb	Beef	25 c/lb
Beans'	30 c/lb	Candles	$1.50 /lb
Sugar	40 c/lb	Potatoes	18 c/lb
Coffee	50 c/lb	Onions	20 c/lb
Rice	50 c/lb		

Acknowledgements: see page 30


"PIONEER" MAP
OF THE
BOUNDARY DISTRICT
BRITISH COLUMBIA
Issued by PIONEER PUB. CO.
PHOENIX B.C.
INTERNATIONAL BOUNDARY
GRAND FORKS
GRANBY SMELTER
GRANBY SMELTER RESERVOIR
DAM.
GREENWOOD
PHOENIX
MONTREAL & BOSTON COPPER CO'S SMELTER
B.C. COPPER CO'S SMELTER
ANACONDA
BOUNDARY FALLS
DIVISION
DIVISION
C.P.R.
G.N.R.
Kettle River
North Fork
Boundary Cr.
Granby R.
Sand Cr.
Long Lake
Providence Camp
Deadwood Cr.
Twelve Cr.
Castle Cr.
Dominion Cr.
Fisherman Creek
Wallace Cr.
Smith's Camp
Lake Creek
Duncan Cr.
Carson
Deadwood
Camp
Camp
Camp



Phoenix

4
The Last Resident of Phoenix: W.H. Bambury

by Alice Glanville

For twenty-three years from 1896 to 1919, Phoenix was a bustling city with 1,750 inhabitants[1]. These energetic people worked hard and played hard. By 1920 Phoenix had become a ghost town, with its vacant buildings and untrodden streets. It is one of the characteristics of old ghost towns, and Phoenix is no exception, that a few old-timers hang on, living on their memories or on their hopes for the future. Three hardy souls lived on in the deserted mining town of Phoenix - Robert Denzler, Adolph Sercu (Forepaw) and the last one, W.H. Bambury.

Robert Denzler, who came to Phoenix in 1891, is considered one of the founders of Phoenix. He took over the Silver King Mine and renamed it Phoenix after which the city was named. He was also involved in the Rawhide and the Gold Drop. The people of Greenwood are grateful to Robert Denzler for the contribution from his will which made possible the Robert Denzler Outpost Hospital which opened just after World War Two. Up until his death on March 21, 1944, he spent the summers in the ghost town of Phoenix and the winters in Spokane.

Adolph Sercu (always called Forepaw and even signing his name as 4 Paw) and Robert Barron located the Fourpaw Mineral Claim in Phoenix on March 1, 1900[2]. While pulling a 12 gauge shot gun out of a wagon by the barrel, he had his hand blown off when the gun discharged. He then wore an iron hook which was fashioned by a local blacksmith. The name of Forepaw seemed appropriate because of the iron hook. He had a white saddle horse which he rode to Greenwood to work on his garden by Boundary Creek. He would put his produce in a gunny sack and ride the 6 miles back up the hill to Phoenix.

After the closure of Phoenix in 1919, a fund was established to appoint a town watchman for a year and Forepaw was chosen for that duty. He moved from his cabin to the steepled City Hall where he made his home. He took his role seriously. Carrying a 30-30 rifle and wearing

a sheriff's star made from a tin can, he would challenge visitors to his city. He was the self acclaimed mayor and constable of Phoenix and zealously guarded the ghost city for 23 years. This Belgian caretaker died in August 1942 and his funeral notice was made out in the name of Forepaw. He was buried in the Phoenix cemetery beside his friend Eugene Shea.

That left William Bambury as the sole permanent resident of Phoenix. Not too much is known of his life during the hey day of Phoenix. His solitary existence in Phoenix after 1919 has given him more recognition than he ever experienced during his working years. We can find stories of business people, mine managers. politicians, professionals, but very little mention of a union carpenter.

Born in Portsmouth, England in 1867, he came to Donald during the days of railway construction. He later made a boat and came down the Columbia to Castlegar and then on to Nelson. In his diary he mentions coming to Greenwood in 1899 from Nelson. He later located in Phoenix probably in 1902, but maybe as early as 1900.

A shipwright by trade, he came to Phoenix to build spiral staircases for raisers in the mine, a specialized trade. "He was a delegate for the Socialist[3] Party for the purpose of nominating someone to represent the Socialist[4] Party in the coming election for the federal House." Bambury was secretary of that meeting, a job which he, no doubt, could well handle . He was recognized as "a man of polished education and widely read". In his diary and amongst his collection of papers one senses a belief in spiritualism.

Bambury lived for a short time at what he called Middlegarth, a few miles south and west of Phoenix. At Middlegarth he lived with Jim Cordy, a prospector. Bambury would have the dream as to where the mineral was located. It seemed as if he had little money and would work a few days on the road for relief money. That was in the days before welfare.

He then took up residence in one of the finer homes at Phoenix, Dr. Boucher's home, and lived there tax and rent free. According to Bob Forshaw, Mrs. Boucher paid the taxes and Bambury would write to her and tell her when the house was in need of repair. On this home he nailed a printed card which said, "Phoenix, B.C". His many visitors were all intrigued with this legendary figure.

An omnivorous reader, he had his place piled high with old newspapers and books, leaving just a trail to walk from one room to the next. The yard was stacked with old lumber, buckets of rusty nails and other sal-

vage that the residents of Phoenix had left behind. He carried on a voluminous correspondence. Bob Forshaw remembers mailing letters for him to all parts of the country - to people such as Agnes McPhail, the first woman Member of Parliament. He would put the stamp of King George VI on upside down out of loyalty to Edward VII¦ "the true King of England".

He would often visit the Forshaw household, which was on his way to Greenwood. At bed time the family would retire and leave him reading. He would make notes and corrections in the articles he read. Then around 2 a.m. he would leave and walk back up the hill to Phoenix, a distance of 4 miles.

William H. Bambury, spent most of his life in Phoenix since the turn of the century. He died in 1951 and was buried in the Phoenix cemetery at his request[5].

1. The population figures for Phoenix vary from 1500 to 3500.
2. A full mineral claim was 500 yards by 500 yards, but now is 500 metres by 500 metres. Forepaw had a Free Miner's License (information from R. Forshaw).
3.Grand Forks Gazette, July 30. 1904.
4.The only Socialist member elected in the Boundary was John McInnis in 1907 and that was in the provincial legislature.
5.November 1, 1951 Grand Forks Gazette.

4a

The Three Bachelors

by W.H. Bambury

From the Vancouver Sun, November 4, 1933:

Bambury tells in his learned and highly descriptive manner his own story of the 3 bachelors who remained in Phoenix.

Bob Denzler, the first in importance of age, place and fair fame, is an old Argonaut of the Occident, aged 82, to whom all the Great West from Mexico to the Yukon is a familiar stamping ground; and it is he who can take the credit for the first discovery and subsequent development of this copper bonanza. His arrival in the summer of 1891, was about two hours after the first white man ever known to reach here, and to his dogged faith and perseverance was due the subsequent prosperity of Phoenix. And,

unlike the huge percentage of prospectors, he became wealthy in the process. He is an American citizen and German-Swiss by birth. His abiding faith still brings him here every spring from Spokane to work some properties that he owns. He is everywhere liked and respected.

Another is an eccentric Englishman, who, like the others, lives alone, and of whom, perhaps, the best that can be said is that he is the youngest of the trio and a sourdough. (This is, of course, Bambury himself)

But the third is a "character" so widely known that no description of Phoenix would be complete without a more extended notice. He is a peasant-born Belgian of limited literacy (nat. August 10, 1863), who possesses vaulting ambitions and high executive ideals.

When the captains and the kings departed he selected the vacant city hall with its towering campanile as a suitable seat for the administration of the high and low justice and the irregular imposition of "dues", his moral prestige being doubtless fortified by the canny reference to himself by the waggish editor of the Grand Forks Gazette as "the mayor of Phoenix." His baptismal name is Adolf Sercu, but he is widely and better known as Forpaw, or 4 paw.

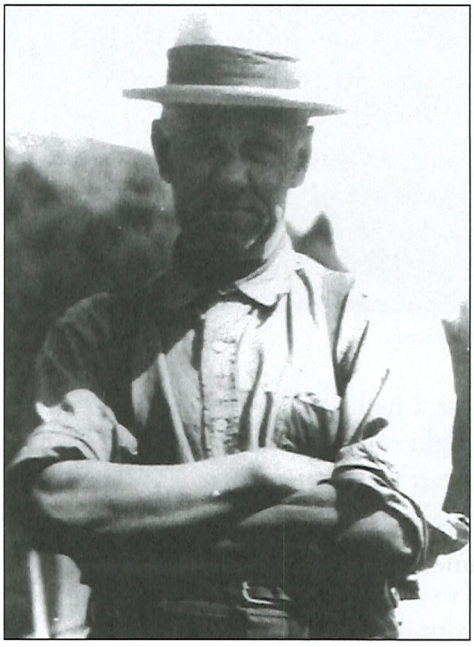
The origin or the pseudonym is supposed to be as follows: When he gave his name on first arrival one of the old-timers confused the Sercu surname with "circus". This was partially forgotten, but enough of the latter association remained to recall the patronymic of Barnum's famous rival, Adam Forepaugh.

So the substitution has stuck ever since. He is a real local celebrity, whose desire is (like "the bonnie blue flag" of the Civil War sixties) to "wear a single star" in order to command all comers.

This laudable aspiration has always been baffled, possibly because of chaotic commotions of the campanological clockwork in the aforesaid bell tower. Hence he is said to keep a plated shield of presumably private manufacture. So, lacking the coveted official status, he essays to enforce his dictates by patrolling the streets with one of his extensive array of rifles, of which he has about seventeen.

And he sometimes succeeds in giving strangers the conviction that he wields authority under the aegis of Georgius Rex, coupled with the splendor of Sine Occasu; but of course the splendor is merely the deceptive luminosity of our lunar satellite; which seems to deceive even headquarters at Victoria.

5
The Diary of W.H. Bambury:
December 1949 to May 1950.



W.H. Bambury

In the forties Bambury decided the time had come for him to leave the ghost town of Phoenix in the winter and rent a room in the Windsor Hotel in Greenwood. His diary that he so neatly kept tells of his decision to leave Phoenix, his winter in Greenwood and then his return to Phoenix in the spring .

The following excerpts are taken from the Diary of W.H. Bambury (Age 82) of Greenwood, (Phoenix), British Columbia, Canada: Saturday, December 10, 1949.

Kept a fire in the bedroom all night with no entirely satisfactory results altho' no ice formed in the room. It was different in the other bedroom where I had to use an axe in the bathtub before I could take my

Ghost Town of Phoenix

bath. By this time I had decided that remaining in Phoenix any longer was futile as last night must have been below zero (Fahrenheit). So I tidied up the dooryard after which I cut two stove lengths off a 2" by 10" plank and selected all the indispensable items I could think of, most of which I packed in my leather grip and the rest in 2 cotton sacks which I linked together to sling over my shoulder and set out for Greenwood at 15:20. The load was the limit of my ability to carry and I was completely played out when I got to Greenwood.

Sunday, December 11. 1949. Refreshed, but stiff-legged owing to yesterday's hard walk. About 11:30 I went to the Gulley residence to see Lawrence Gulley and remained there talking until after dark, when I went to dinner, after which I sat in the kitchen talking to the cooks and the mayor, Ted McArthur. Then I paid Jack Maclean for 4 nights $4.00. gingerale $.20, this book $.15, meals $.83 $5.18

Monday, December 19, 1949. About ten I drove up to Phoenix with Jack Hanna and Fred Mahoney arriving at 10:30. The house temperature was exactly zero except in the kitchen where it was 12 above. I collected everything that I had listed to take down, which was a long list, with time to spare. Got back to Greenwood about 15:20. There is fully a foot of snow in Phoenix now. Went up to see Mrs. Gulley about 17:00 o'clock and she never stopped talking until 23:20 and it was hard to get away even then. Cameos .37 Breakfast .35 $.72

Bob Denzler's birthday party

At the back of the book is this list of the items that he brought with him from Phoenix:

A.B.S.&C. tablets	Sal hepatica	Overcoat
Mackinaw	Port. pot	Rule
Sandpaper	Spectacles	Knives, Fork
Two Spoons	Lamp globe	Whetstone
Practical Methods	Hymns	Maclean's Magazine
Dictionary	Roget's Thesaurus	Ear picker
Table, Drawing Board	Sandwich	Correspondence
Drawing instruments	Bible Map	Mining Act
Matches	Thermometer	Cheese

Wednesday, December 21, 1949. Still zero weather. Spent the last cent I had for breakfast. Went to the bank and got my O.A.P. pension cashed. $50.00. Did not have time to get necessary letters written. At afternoon lunch Bob Brown handed me a seasonal gift parcel from the Greenwood Women's Institute which I must acknowledge promptly.

Cake , etc. $.50 Meals $.93 $1.43
Balance on hand $48.57

Friday, December 23, 1949. Another snowy day. Went up to Phoenix about 10:15 with Jack Hanna and Fred Mahoney, and did not enter my house until departure, but stayed in the machine shop to turn off the ignition in case anything went wrong with the compressor in their absence. Meals .70 cigarettes .35 $1.05

Adolph Sercu's (Forepaw) Stage and Stable, Phoenix, B.C. *c. Dode MacLean*

Sunday, December 25, 1949. I had overslept until ten, and no sooner had breakfast than Jim Forshaw told me that he would call for me in half an hour's time to take me down to his mother's at Midway to take Christmas dinner. The dinner was immense, and so was the quantity of turkey Mrs. Forshaw handed me and I ate it all with relish. Present were Mrs. Forshaw Sr., Betty who had a present of a gorgeous satin dress in the latest style, (she gave me a nice pair of dress socks) Jim Forshaw and entire family, Paul, Lolly and David and Mrs. Roberts, formerly of Phoenix and now of Midway. Breakfast, $.30

Tuesday, December 27, 1949. Breakfasted by 9:30, and carried my washing over to the Jap laundry and found the comely little Jap woman to be in a friendly mood, asking me to sit and drink a bottle of beer, which I accepted and drank rather than seem ungracious and churlish.

Then she showed me her clever needlework and pictures of silk embroidery all of which showed a considerable degree of artistic skill and the lifelike paper flowers, tea roses of cream color which are deceptively

natural. She told me that her husband had died not long since and that the two big boys I had seen there were hers. I supposed that she was about 25 years of age, but she told me she was forty, which looked unlikely.

After that I had a shave and about 14 o'clock another turkey dinner. I went to my room to read and when it became too dark for this, I noticed a light reflection on the wall at the foot of the bed. I supposed this to be caused by a street lamp on Silver Street and thought little of it, except that it seemed rather early to turn the lights on. But after a while it grew rather more intense and too reddish to be natural. (This was about 16:15 o'clock and there was no noise like a siren to make an alarm.) Then I looked out of the window and saw that the house which I had visited that forenoon was ablaze and already so far advanced in combustion as to be quite past all hope of saving it with the tiny streams of water from the fire hoses. So all I could do was to watch it burn and like the crowd outside, reflect that here goes what is perhaps the oldest remaining landmark of ancient Greenwood built and conducted as a "maison de Joie" by the notorious Madame Haines, until, early in 1899, all the inmates of such resorts had been removed across Boundary Creek, diagonally across in a southwesterly direction from the present Greenwood skating rink.

Also I recalled that it was my first place of residence when I came to Greenwood from Nelson in 1899, when I shared the north east bedroom with Westley Connell for some weeks when the building was a lodging house under the aegis of Mr. and Mrs. Craig, formerly of Toronto, Ontario. Written by 6:15 p.m. Meals $1.55

Thursday, December 29, 1949. Mild weather, but still not warm enough to write in the sitting room, as the radiators are cold. Had a significant dream shortly before 21 o'clock this evening. Meals, etc., 1.37

Friday, January 27, 1950. Arose at 8:30 and breakfasted at nine and visited Mr. and Mrs. Hanna and at 10:30 called at the hospital while looking for Jack Hanna. After which I bought a union Suit of heavy underwear and cardigan zipper jacket, maroon color. cigarettes:.37

Union suit $5.00, Jacket $8.00 about Beer .20 Meals $.82 $14.39

Monday, January 30, 1950. The coldest day yet, said to have been 50 below zero at 24 o'clock last night and everything frozen- no water this morning in the hotel.

Took all morning to get it running again. In spite of discomforts, it was a happy day.

Monday, February 20, 1950. No water even for washing all day. Got

a letter from R.W. Haggen, Dalby Morkill and an enclosure from C.M. Campbell. Gingerale .05 Laundry .68 Meals .85 $1.53

Wednesday, March 1, 1950. This morning, at 7:30 I have completed my 83rd year. No water on this top floor to wash with, hot or cold during the forenoon. Shaved and then got my hair cut by Mrs. Trounson $.50, Old Age Pension Cheque $50.00

Tuesday, March 7, 1950. Silas Smith was taken to the hospital early this morning and I fear his race is run. Gingerale .10 Meals 1.02 $1.12

Thursday, March 9, 1950

Read an interesting article in the March number of "True" concerning the "flying discs" which are doubtless one of the "signs and wonders" predicted in the Bible in the latter days of the end of the dispensation. Beer .20 Meals.90 $1.10

Saturday, March 11, 1950. Daniel Benjamin Buchanan came to my room this afternoon to hand me a booklet of poems by a former Phoenix acquaintance, Webster Rogers, now of Lakebay, Washington, who used to read to me some of his former effusions, which were far from first class-like himself at that distant date. The years have improved him and his efforts immensely, for all of the 24 titles are good verse - some perhaps excellent. Two of them: "Brown Eyes" and "Bury Me Out On A High Green Hill" appeal to me considerably - the latter especially. The punctuation needs correcting and a misuse of capitals - all of which I amended. But, at that, it is pleasurable reading. Phoenix has produced a poet! A maker of meritorious verse. Thawed little N. wind Meals $.87

Sunday, March 12, 1950. Met Scotty Fawn during forenoon. Mrs. Ellen Hallett to be buried to-morrow in Greenwood cemetery. Paper .10 Meals .82 $.92

Monday, March 13, 1950. Bright, sunny and mild when I went to see Si Smith at the hospital. I learned from the 23 year old matron that he had gone to the Grand Forks Hospital for the want of a doctor in Greenwood. So I was pleased to accept her invitation to stay a while and chat. I was delighted to learn, what seems so rare to-day among women, an ear for music. She has a well selected small collection of gramophone records, some of which she played for me.

Tuesday, March 28, 1950. Wrote a five page reply to sister Lettie with air mail attached. Also 2 cheques for ten dollars payable to Bob Brown which he cashed for me so that I can meet expenses until the end of the month. Kools .74 Stamp .03 Meals .92 1.69

Wednesday, March 29, 1950. Fred Mahoney told me that there are about 8 feet of snow up in Phoenix. At noon I walked up to the C.P.R. station in order to hand a letter to the mail clerk on the E. bound train and I had to wait an hour for its arrival.

Saturday, April 1, 1950. I learned that sister Lettie had received my air borne letter at 10 a.m. this morning, Greenwich time. She was emotionally affected, which might have been expected and had read it over and over again. So, I can, I suppose expect a reply by return mail. I thought she would have gotten it yesterday, so I expect it may have been withheld in Greenwood 24 hours longer than necessary, owing, perhaps, to feminine interest.

April 3, 1950. Went down to the cottage to say hello to Marion Maclean, after which I went up to Deadwood, riding on the Bryan truck with C.Scott McCrae, with whom I had previously lunched. We arrived well before sunset. After supper we had a long, but one-sided conversation that lasted until about 2:30 next morning, in which I could take very little part, as he was too deaf to hear my comments and questions, except when I wrote them. Nevertheless this did not seem to lessen his satisfaction, so I was content as he is a man for whom I have a high esteem and regard. My pleasure was hardly increased by the kind of sleeping accommodation, as I had to spend the rest of the night on a far from clean couch, which was too short and so narrow that there was no room to turn, while I had only an insufficiently wide piece of floor carpet instead of a blanket! He is so accustomed to rough and ready living that he has no inconsideration in this. Having reached his ninetieth year, he has lost all pride in personal neatness and appearance. However I enjoyed his conversation and got a little information, but dreaded going to "bed". Nevertheless he has always been an upright and high-principled man and a well informed prospector.

Tuesday, April 4, 1950. Both of us arose about ten and was under no necessity to dress or put on my shoes as I had not taken them off. He took me to the site of the former shaft house on the "Ah there!" mineral claim, of which only the dump remains of the caved-in 250' shaft, which I had not revisited for 48 years.

Friday, April 7, 1950. Went down to the lobby at 13:30 in order to be ready to go up to the Gulley dwelling in order to carry out and in the mattress of Mrs. Gulley's for dusting. But she never gave the word until around 16 o'clock, so eager she is to chat with everyone who would listen

to her. When she set out she let me cool my heels in the cold wind outside the post office while she gossiped with women inside for about a half hour.

So I walked up to her house chatted with Mr. Turcotte, and then back to the p.o. intending to leave her to her own devices. However, I relented and went up with her and rallied her on her rudeness.

Saturday, April 8, 1950 After breakfast, I ran up to the sitting-room, to escape from Jim Poggi's boring conversation only to suffer from the same torture by Mrs. Gulley, from whom I made an excuse to escape by 12:50 when I went down to the Maclean cottage to see Marion and to escape from the cold of the hotel.

Easter Sunday, April 9, 1950. Marion Maclean had left (before I got down to breakfast at 9:15) with Dodo in the family car, who was to take her with him all the way to Tacoma, then presumably to proceed to Vancouver to pick up Marjorie and the baby on his way home to Greenwood. Meals $1.02

Saturday, May 6, 1950 Still about five feet of snow around my house in Phoenix, but none on the roof, so Mahoney tells me. Some work to be started on the Motherlode mine at once. Had a hot and cold bath. Cleaning 6 ties .60 Meals .87 $1.47

May 20, 1950. Ordered groceries to take up to Phoenix and paid cash for other items. Went over to the hospital and left a heavy parcel of back numbers of "Life" and other magazines.

Monday, May 22, 1950. Had all my possessions out of my room and downstairs (some chore) ready for departure about 8 o'clock but Fred Mahoney had forgotten to call for me, and it was an hour before he came, having driven down from Phoenix to make his promise valid. Perhaps it was just as well, as the others would have been greatly inconvenienced by the amount of goods I had to take up. Fred helped to carry my stuff into the porch. It took until noon to get things sorted out partially. I escaped the hot weather in Greenwood to find it fresh and cool in Phoenix. Carried water and cut a little wood. Also gave my bedding a good airing. Washed dishes.

Thursday, May 25, 1950. Got up by 7 o'clock, standard time, in order to be ready to receive my tool chest, but had to wait until 8:50 before Fred and Albert Lucente drove up. Everyone of my tools seems to be present. On leaving, Mahoney said, "We're going right back and I can't tell you when we'll be seeing you again". So I asked him if they were not

going to pump the mine before leaving? He replied, "No". So that must mean a permanent shut down! As it is, I am lucky to get all my goods up here before this happened. And the fact did not surprise me, as I felt it would happen before, or during June. Some gopher shooters around today. Some other traffic, but not much, including a motorcycle or two.

Sunday, May 28, 1950. Little traffic, besides a Grand Forks boy named Cochrane, who came up with his girl friend on a motorcycle.

In strolling around this morning I observed that the wreckage of the King's Hotel with that of the Belleville Hotel seems to have sunk considerably, giving the impression that a mine cave-in has caused the subsidence. Water not far below apparently. No sign of a break in the ground outside of the wreckage. Cut some wood.

The original diary, December 1949 to May 1950 will be placed in the Greenwood Museum. I would like to know if any other diaries of W.H. Bambury exist.

by Joyce Flanagan

6
Lois Haggen: MLA's Story

This article appeared in the
Daily Colonist (Now the Times Colonist) Victoria, Feb. 15, 1959,
Alabaman in B.C. Legislature

By Gwen Cash

Lois Haggen

Shortly before the turn of the century a tow-headed baby girl with well marked eye brows and hazel eyes was born in Alabama, to be one of a family of two girls and seven boys.

Today, her brows thick and black, her hazel eyes shrewd and kindly behind glasses, her hair grown dark and plentifully besprinkled with grey, she's still surrounded by males. For she's Lois Mabel Haggen, one of two women in B.C.'s Provincial Legislature.

Only woman member of the Opposition, she succeeded her husband when he become ill, as CCF representative for Grand Forks-Greenwood, the sparsely populated boundary constituency that sweeps from East of

Osoyoos on the border over the mountains into rugged mining country and so to lovely Christina Lake.

Mrs. Haggen is outwardly a quiet woman, seldom provoked to fiery speech, who loves to garden and read poetry. But despite her serene manner she's well suited to follow in the footsteps of former CCF women members - dynamic, hard-hitting Dolly Steeves whose metallic voice often taunted the government, Dr. Laura Jamieson, fighting the battle of equal pay for equal work for women.

Lois Haggen is representative of a tough constituency settled by colorful pioneers in the early eighties to grow into a mining empire by 1900. Many of their descendants in Grand Forks and scattered over the magnificently scenic countryside are proud to cast their votes for Lois. The fact that when she gardens she does so without gloves, digging her hands deep into the soil she loves may have something to do with it.

Lois is no sissy. She'd lived in places with no electricity and cleaned the smoky chimneys of plenty of coal oil lamps. As a young girl she was stenographer in a penitentiary and learned potent facts about criminals at a very early age. Her husband Rupert, whose place she took in the legislature, surveyed the wide, open spaces of British Columbia and she with him. Later as a mining engineer he edited the Mining Board of B.C. from Vancouver but, no lover of city life, after some years he forsook it, which is how the Haggens fetched up at Grand Forks.

And how did it all happen? How did a little tow-head from Alabama end up as the member for B.C.'s boundary country?

IT'S QUITE A STORY - and somewhat symbolic of the development of B.C.

Lois' father, Frank Hill, was a timber cruiser. Just about the time Lois got to be school age he exchanged the forests of Alabama for those of Oregon and settled his family near the historic village of Le Grand.

Lois remembers how the kids would dance about her at play time in the school yard yelling "Talk, talk," then shriek with laughter at her southern accent, which today is all lost.

In 1911 Frank Hill looked at his seven sons and two daughters - a work force in themselves - and decided he would go farming. What about this Peace River country in northern British Columbia that was talked so much about? That sounded like a place of golden opportunity for a man with a large family.

So he went out and bought ploughs, harrows, all kinds of farm implements, a cow and chickens, and shipped them together with a wagon and a team of four horses via Sumas Prairie by rail to Ashcroft. That was the end of the line. From there on, Frank Hill and four of his sons drove along the old Cariboo trail, stopping at frequent intervals, so one of Lois' brothers declares, to rescue escaping chickens from thieving coyotes.

The Hills only got as far as Quesnel. There the Fraser was frozen and remained frozen till long after Mrs. Hill and the rest of the family arrived. Then she decided Quesnel was north enough. Even there education was pretty primitive.

Lois went to school in a log building that had windows only on the north side so high up pupils could only see the sky, lest, I suppose, their attention be distracted from their studies. She did her sums on an 8x12-inch slate framed in wood with a slate pencil that squeaked like a mouse and she cleaned it for writing with a rag wet with spit.

"I can still smell those awful slate rags," said Mrs. Haggen. "Most were used and used till they dropped apart. But Mother, being a cleanly soul, made us change ours occasionally."

The Hills lived in tents on the banks of the Fraser that first summer in Quesnel and until late in the fall. Then most of the family moved to the Occidental Hotel and Mr. Hill and his older sons went cattle ranching in the rich, natural meadows back of Marguerite Lake.

"I suppose Dad must have had some money," said Mrs. Haggen. "Even in those days you couldn't live in a hotel like the Occidental for nothing. It burned down in 1916 and the piano, on which I used to practice, with it. I watched it drop, a flaming torch from the fifth floor."

Lois took piano from a German named John Zschedrich, afterwards with the Vancouver Symphony, as is one of his daughters today. "Mr. Zschedrich spoke no English and I no German but we got along famously. He was a splendid teacher," Mrs. Haggen told me.

IT WAS THE DAYS of the First World War. Lois played for what she called the "tobacco dances" - dances arranged to raise money for tobacco for the boys at the front. Once, with some of her friends, she went to Barkerville, 60 miles away by winding road to play for a tobacco dance.

"There was so little music in those parts then," she explained, "anyone who could play was made much of." We went in a two-seater sleigh and first night out stayed at the old Cottonwood House. You never saw such a spread as was put on the long table for supper - sizzling steaks inches

thick, pies of all kinds, cakes, pickles, fruit that had been packed in - all you could eat for 50 cents." "There were 100 adults at the old Kelly Hotel in Barkerville and masses of babies put to sleep in corners while the adults had fun," recalled Mrs. Haggen. "We raised $1,017 for tobacco, which I think was very good going."

Before Lois and her friends left for home they were invited to plunge their hands into a hat filled with gold nuggets and take souvenirs. "There was a jam jar filled with gold on the counter, too," she remembers. "It had been there for weeks, quite unguarded."

Lois Hill got well acquainted with gold when on leaving grade school she became acting accountant for the Royal Bank at Quesnel. "I took the place of the man accountant who'd gone overseas, but of course, being only a girl, they called me acting accountant and I didn't get the same pay. The job was nothing but bookkeeping really. Except for the gold. All sorts of mines were operating in the district then. I learned to distinguish between the various deposits and knew by looking at and feeling the gold in the various buckskin pokes just where the gold came from."

It was after she'd taken a stenographic course at Walla Walla, Wash., Lois Hill went to the penitentiary nearby as court stenographer. But Rupert Haggen, to whom she became engaged, thought she was too young for such a sordid job. So back she came to British Columbia to marry and care for his motherless little daughter and eventually to have two of her own.

At her comfortable home in Grand Forks, Lois Haggen has no need to clean coal oil lamp chimneys but the memories of those days when she did, makes for heartfelt sincerity when she talks of rural electrification in the House, which she does on all possible occasions. And with the stench of those spit-soaked slate rags still in her nostrils, she's acutely conscious of the needs of education. "I never had a chance to go to high school, let alone college," she said.

But she knows her poets far better than a lot of college graduates, and the history of British Columbia. She's president of B.C. Historical Association for the second time in a row and she still gardens without gloves whenever her busy life allows her.

By Alice Glanville

This story by Gwen Cash tells of the years in Lois Haggen's life up to the time she was a member of the British Columbia Legislature. She continued to live a very fulfilling life up until the time of her death on February 28, 1994.

Lois and Rupert Haggen moved to Grand Forks from Rossland in 1949. Before coming to Grand Forks, she worked with the Rossland Parent Teachers' Association, both at the local and Provincial level.

She assisted her husband, Rupert, who was M.L.A. from 1949 - 56, and particularly in the latter years when, because of illness, he could not meet all the demands of an M.L.A. Then, in a very close race in 1956, she was herself elected as the C.C.F. member for the Grand Forks Greenwood Riding, a position she held for 10 years. She was the first woman to be elected in a rural area and at one time sat as the only woman in a 52 member house.

Her first try at provincial politics provided a very exciting evening. Early reports gave Crae Dawson, the Social Credit candidate, the lead. With all the results in except Brown Creek, Lois was trailing by 3 votes. Margaret Bryant, the returning officer, had to drive 14 miles to town with the ballot box. Results from Brown Creek showed Haggen 32 votes and Dawson 6 votes. This put Haggen ahead by 23 votes which was later cut to 15 when the final results were tallied.

She has always taken a personal interest in the history of the Boundary area and has been instrumental in helping to record this history. She is a charter member and an honorary life member of the Boundary Historical Society and held the office of president as well as other offices. She is a past president of B.C. Historical Federation. She has also served as director of the Boundary Museum.

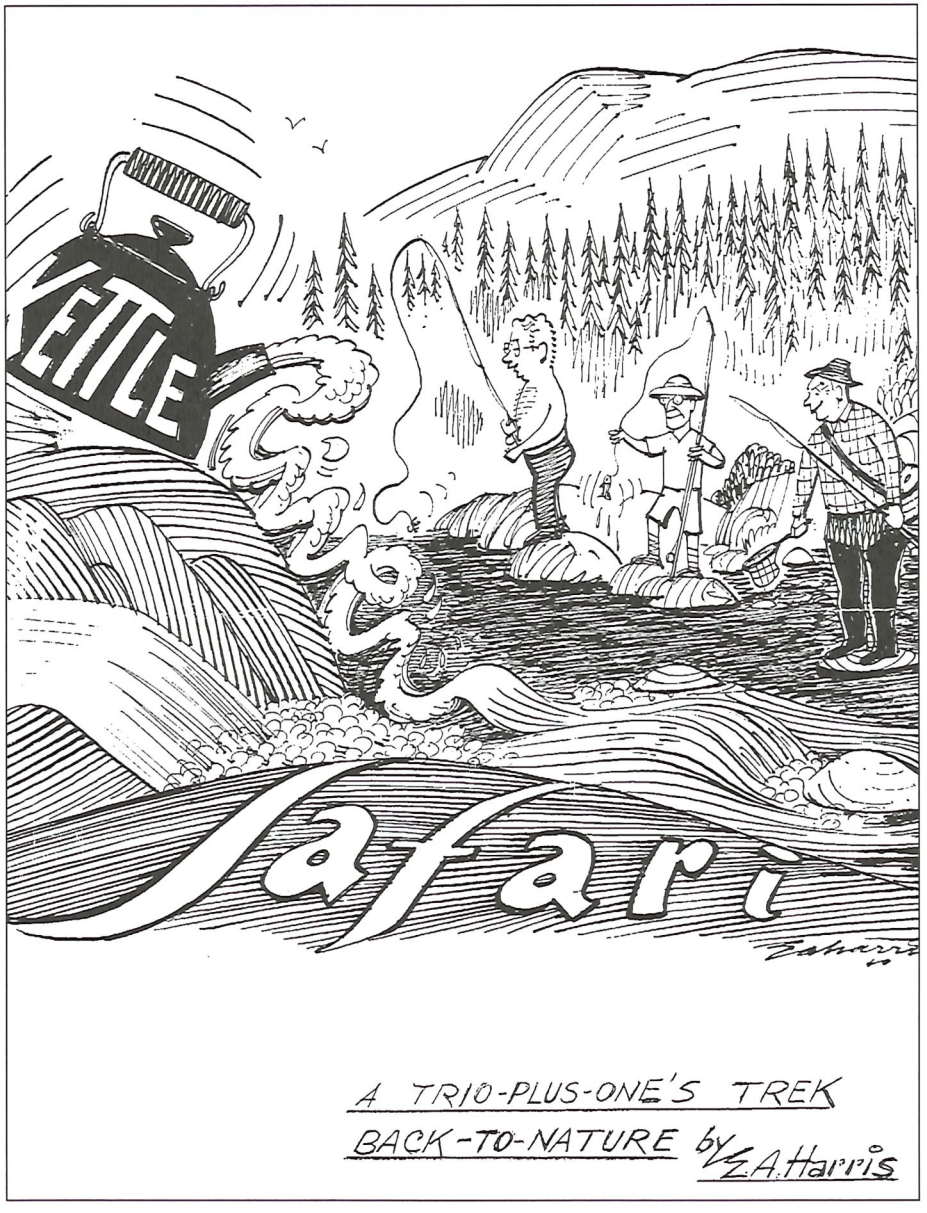
The Boundary Lodge owes much to her efforts. She is a charter member and past president of the society that was set up to construct the building. In the planning stages of the Boundary Lodge she assisted in the dealings with the City, the Regional District and Victoria. After the construction was complete, she continued to help in the management of the Lodge.

She is a past - president of the Grand Forks Business and Professional Women's Club and also past - president of the B.C. Business and Professional Women's Club. She felt privileged to be chosen as United Nations Fellow and was awarded a three weeks stay at the United Nations where she met women from all over the world. After the United Nations gathering she was engaged in a speaking tour of Western Canada.

Because of her civic minded activities and the honours she brought to Grand Forks, she was made a freeman of the City in 1980, an honour she cherished. Those who worked with her appreciated her sense of humour along with her persistence to see projects through to a successful conclusion.

On October 16, 1994, the City of Grand Forks honoured her memory by naming the green space next to the City Hall the Lois Haggen Park, a fitting tribute to a great lady.

Presentation of Freeman of City by Mayor Sugimoto circa 1980 *c. A. Glanville*


KETTLE
Safari
A TRIO-PLUS-ONE'S TREK
BACK-TO-NATURE by E.A. Harris

7
Back To Nature Safari
E.A. HARRIS

E.A. Harris of Vancouver has recorded a fishing trip with three friends into the Christian Valley area in 1950. The following article including his charming sketches, is his light hearted account of that trip:

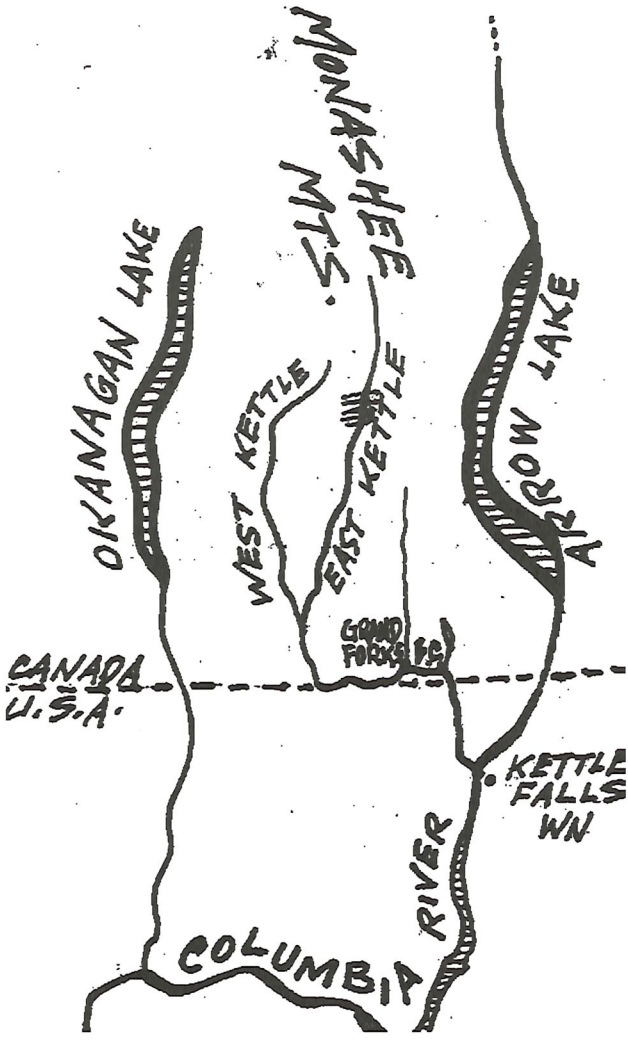
The Kettle is a medium sized tributary of the great Columbia River system. Actually there are two Kettles, east and west, two separate streams which have their sources in the area of the Monashee Mountains. They flow south through two gradually converging valleys until the two branches meet at Westbridge about 20 kilometres north of the Canada-U.S.A. border. Here the single river swings sharply east, then turns south across the International Boundary at Midway and, after making a U-turn in the United States, re- crosses into B.C. near Grand Forks. From there it meanders along close to the boundary until it makes a final border crossing into the State of Washington and joins the Columbia at Kettle Falls.

On their safari our adventurers saw only part of the Kettle- the lower half of the east branch. This portion offered many pleasing prospects along what was, and still is, a natural and largely unspoiled stream. In places its clear water, shallow enough to wade, flowed steadily over a bed of boulders. Sometimes in deeper pools the current slowed to almost a mill pond stillness. Farther downstream the river became a series of foaming cataracts, surging around the huge rocks. Then it widened and slackened before joining its companion, the West Kettle.

High in the hills a couple of ridges west of the Kettle was a reputedly fishy little lake called State which interested my friends, Norm and Col. J. There was no access to it by road and one could only attain State by hiking over an ill-defined, and in places, non-existent trail.

The trail began near one of the Kettle River's tributary creeks called Damfino. When Col. J. asked a local lad named Freddie if he knew the

way, Freddie did not reply, "Dam if I know!", but said, "Dam sure I know!" Norm and Col. J., with Freddie as guide and one of his horses to pack supplies for an overnight stay, hit the trail for State Lake.



After several hours of travelling, mostly upwards, they eventually came to the last ridge and from it looked into a vast forested bowl at the bottom of which shone State Lake- a silver coin set on an expanse of forest green unmarred by logging or fire. Descending through the dense bush, they reached the lakeshore, set up camp, and prepared to go fishing.

There were no boats on the lake, but a previous visitor had constructed a raft of sorts and provided it with a rough pair of clumsy oars. Col. J. was more concerned with just maintaining his balance on the unstable raft and wasn't able to offer anything alluring enough to attract the fish. He did finally reel in a chunky Kamloops trout of about 5 pounds.

They caught several good fish, but the total catch was rather disappointing. However, if their kettle of fish was something less than fine,

Fast water, East Kettle River.

their kettle of satisfaction for having achieved a successful safari back to Nature, was full to the brim.

The campsite they selected beside the Kettle was isolated and apparently a long way from what is called civilization. However the area, which was called Christian Valley, did have a few inhabitants, some of whom had been there for many years.

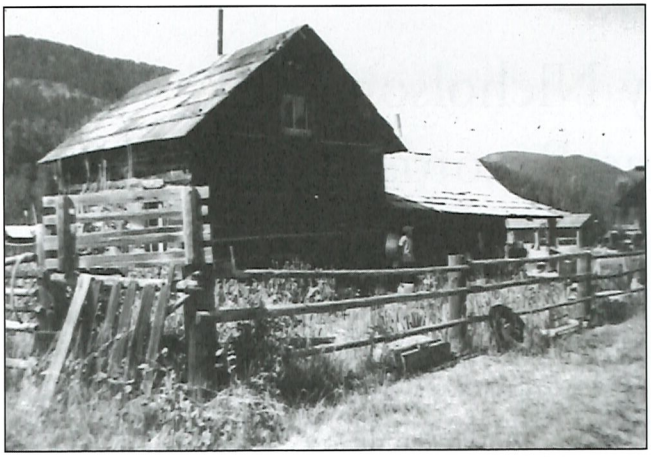
The nearest neighbors were the Cochranes who lived in a weather beaten log house on a small, but fairly productive ranch around the next bend in the river. They grew field crops and raised a few head of cattle. Deer hunting provided a good portion of their winter meat supply. "Pop" Cochrane, although in his mid-eighties, still planned to go out into the woods and "get his buck". His son, Freddie, our guide to State Lake, was hauling a load of hay with his young wife, Myra, doing her share.

Another resident, Mrs. MacMillan, after serving in the Canadian Women's Army Corps, was making a brave attempt to establish herself on a small backwoods farm. She lived in a neat frame house with more amenities than the earlier pioneers, but still close enough to the basic realities of Nature. Nevertheless her parlor was nicely furnished with a cabinet containing some fine china. Later, in appreciation of her hospitality, we presented her with a valuable bone china cup and saucer to add to her collection.

Kettle Crossing - no bridge.

Some of the early settlers had not been successful, had given up and had gone elsewhere. One afternoon the trio visited a deserted ranch, located across the river, One of the neighbors was using his tractor to pull an empty wagon across the river. The fact that there was no bridge over the Kettle was not a deterrent and the tractor, although not made by Ford, forded the river without any real difficulty. In due course the trio had to return to the city-centered duties, but they took with them a Kettle-ful of pleasurable memories. Some ten years after, they revisited the Kettle

Rocky section, Kettle River near Christian Valley.



Cochrane Ranch, Christian Valley.

River. This time they travelled in a pick-up truck, from Kelowna, across country, following a forestry road that skirted State Lake and reached the east Kettle Road, not very far from Damfino Creek.

On returning to the old camp site, they found the natural surroundings unchanged. The only sign that anyone had camped there was the ring of boulders where their old camp fire had once burned. It was evident that no one had used it because in the centre of the ring of stones was growing a young poplar sapling. Not an inappropriate memorial for that back-to- Nature safari.

8
Henry Nicholson: Mining Recorder
By Sue Dahlo(Eek)

Henry Nicholson arrived in British Columbia in September 1872. He was an adventurer who enjoyed the wild solitude and natural beauty of this country. He stayed in the southern interior for the next 45 years of his life and saw the development of this province.

He became the mining recorder at Granite Creek in 1885 and continued in that capacity at Fairview, then at Camp McKinney and then at Rock Creek until his death in February 1917. He wrote that "since 1873, I have been more or less interested in the mining doings, both placer and quartz of RockCreek and vicinity"

Henry was born in London, England in 1845. Born into the gentry class, he attended Oxford and studied law although he never received a degree. When he was 27 years old, he left England and headed for the new province of Canada, British Columbia (joined Confederation July 20, 1871). He came via California and arrived in the Similkameen with his partner, Barrington Price in September 1872. The pair leased the Hudson's Bay post at Keremeos as a stock ranch and proceeded to pre-empt two 320 acre parcels at Keremeos. In May 1873, they purchased the Rock Creek trading post and carried on their business in connection with their store in Keremeos. In spite of the rawness of the country, they carried on the English tradition of horse racing at Keremeos. As Henry wrote, "In a country where a horse was as indispensable to a man as his legs, horse racing would be a natural sequence and the Sunday gatherings at the store would witness many a trial of nags...the big race meetings were held on the bench".

The list of stewards of the races gives one an indication of how many white people were settled in the area at the time: John Haynes, W. Lowe, Barrington Price and J. Kruger. Henry was the secretary of the races. Henry became very good friends with Judge Haynes at Osoyoos. When

Rock Creek Hotel, Mr. And Mrs. Pittendrigh, Connie, Eileen, Eddie, and James *c. Sue Dahlo*

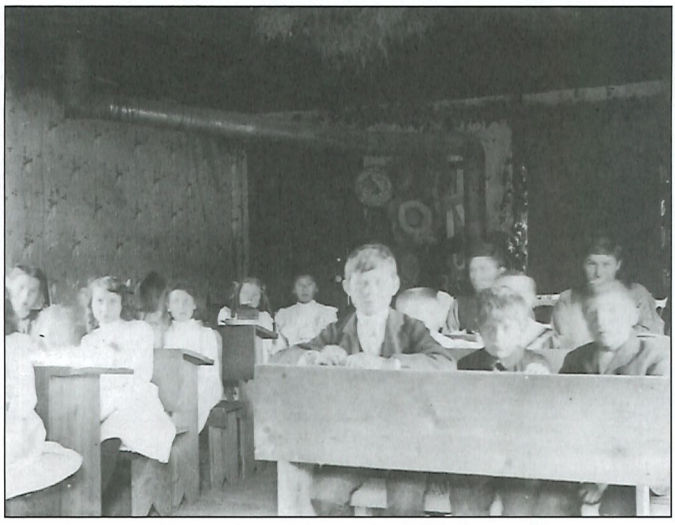
Judge Haynes died in 1888, Henry read the graveside service. In September 1875, it was announced in the "Mainland Guardian" that "the partnership hitherto existing between Barrington Price and Henry Nicholson as traders and stock raisers of Rock Creek and Keremeos is this day dissolved by mutual consent". The two remained good friends but from then on, except for a mining claim they held together about 2 miles up Rock Creek, they had no business dealings together. Henry gave Barrington Price full credit for building the grist mill in Keremeos and apparently had no part in its building.

Henry moved to the Kettle River area and pre-empted many acres of land. His home ranch was Lot 215, which is the land on the north side of the Kettle River through which runs the creek bearing his name. He built a log home of peeled logs on this lot and lived in it. Hester White provides

Mrs. H. Nicholson Camp McKinney circa 1895 *c. Sue Dahlo*

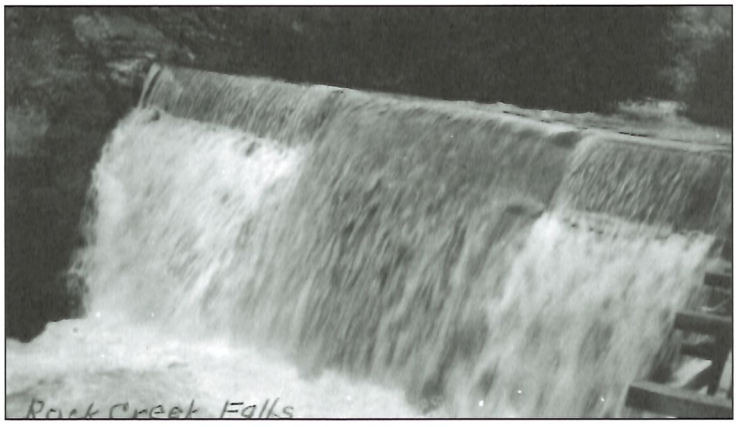
us with a look at this cabin: "It was a double cabin. A dirt roof extended across the two with a breezeway between. The back half was boarded across to serve as a kitchen. The little "kitchen part" in the breezeway had a work shelf on either wall, with shelves higher up, and a hole in the roof for the stove pipe. A door led into a lean-to on the left. Then off the cabin on the right, down three or four steps was another room and off it a dug-out, in the door of which was an opening with iron bars across." Henry had land on Myers Creek which he later sold to William McMynn to add to his large holdings at Myncaster. He also had some land further down Myers Creek called the Nicholson meadows where timothy grass grew in abundance. Henry was the first to take up land in Midway, but Louis Eholt pre-empted what later became the town. When Ernest Spraggett came to the Boundary in 1884, he said that Henry Nicholson lived at Rock Creek but was the official in charge of the government office at Midway.

Henry continued to hold land in the Similkameen until 1885, when he and a partner, Otto Schwartz, sold their property to Frank Richter. This property became known as the "Lower Richter Ranch" in the Richter Pass.



Early school, Rock Creek *c. Sue Dahlo*

Henry's interest did not lie in farming or stock raising but in mining. He shared with John Allison of Princeton the belief that there was a rich, wide mineral belt running from the Similkameen, through the Okanagan to the Boundary region. The Granite Creek Gold Rush (Granite Creek flows into the Tulameen River about 9 miles west of Princeton) in 1885, signalled the beginning of the finding and developing of this great mineral belt. There was a great mining boom through the 90's following this rush which resulted in the rise of the mining towns of Fairview, Camp McKinney, Greenwood and Phoenix. In August 1885, Henry went to Granite Creek to be the mining recorder and serve under the Gold Commissioner, George Tunstall. He also recorded a mineral claim at Granite Creek for himself and a partner, Thomas Cole. Henry wrote that, "extravagant accounts of its richness spread far and wide and attracted miners from all parts of the world. Men from California and Australia as well as Cariboo and Cassiar were flocking to the latest El Dorado, and it may be easily understood that among a gathering of experienced miners the possibility of gold bearing veins in the vicinity would be frequently discussed...". In Henry's mind, Granite Creek led the mining world to the Similkameen and Boundary and before long placer mining on the creeks was replaced by the quartz or lode mining.



Rock Creek Falls *c. Sue Dahlo*

Fairview, west of Oliver, was Henry's next home, where, starting in 1890 there was placer and then quartz mining. Henry set up his office in the Upper or Old Town of Fairview in about 1890. He was the notary public, conveyancer and mining agent. He also maintained his presence in Rock Creek as "Hendersen's Gazette", 1890 lists Henry as a farmer, recorder and tax collector at Rock Creek. In May 1890, The "B.C. Gazette" showed the polling place for the B.C. Election on June 13th to be the Henry Nicholson house in Rock Creek.

In the spring of 1887, a group of prospectors left Spokane to prospect for quartz in British Columbia. They travelled up Rock Creek and visited the placer miners along the way. They then started to look over the ridge of country lying between the two forks and found an outcrop of gold. They staked a number of claims in the area, including the "Cariboo" claim. They worked the claims but by 1888 many of the claim owners had to face the harsh reality of trying to obtain working capital. Quartz mining in B.C. at the time was unknown, and it was next to impossible to get capital to invest. Not only that, but transportation into the camp was primitive, at best a mountain trail. However, some far-sighted owners of the "Cariboo-Amelia" properties achieved an amazing feat. In February 1894, with snow still four feet deep on the trails, the owners had laboriously packed in a steam engine, boiler, assay outfit and a 10-stamp mill. By the end of April 1894, the mill was assembled and was stamping out ore.

The settlement that grew up here became known as Camp McKinney. About 70 people lived in Camp McKinney and worked in the mines. They needed business establishments to cater to their needs. Henry seized an opportunity and was one of the first businessmen to arrive in the camp. He came from Fairview and set up a general store and was the Notary Public and Mining Agent.He was reported to be the only man who knew every claim in the neighbourhood. He also held a mineral claim,"The Old England" which was next door to the first claim staked in Camp McKinney, the "Victoria". Henry built a log cabin, sent for his wife from England, and was happy to stay in Camp McKinney until about 1910. He took an active part in all aspects of life in Camp McKinney. His store had a large stock of general merchandise and he was kept busy, enlarging and rearranging it. He was a justice of the peace and along with Richard Sidley was kept busy with justice issues in this mining camp. He became the postmaster in 1896. When Matthew Roderick was shot by Joseph Keane in 1896 for the "Great Gold Brick Robbery", Henry was empanelled to the inquest jury by Dr. Jakes, the Coroner, and became the foreman of the jury. He sent samples of ore to the Paris Universal Exhibition in 1900 and received an award. The citation read, "I have much pleasure to advise you that the International Jury at the Paris Universal Exhibition has awarded the Dominion of Canada for a collective exhibit of minerals, of which your exhibit of gold and silver ore formed an important part, a Grand Prix Diploma and you will be entitled to receive a copy of the award". He also acted as a lawyer for a Chinese man charged with selling liquor to a native Indian. (Mae Atwood in her book, "Border Gold" wrote: A Chinaman charged with selling liquor to Yamont, an Indian, was defended by H.Nicholson but was convicted on the evidence of Ah Leon. When given the alternative of a fine he chose going to jail.) Henry was involved with social activities in the camp. He was in charge of the great celebration on May 24, 1900 for the Queen's Birthday and a couple of days later received recognition for his part in the "Boundary Creek Times". In October, 1903, he became a member of the executive committee of the South Okanagan, Boundary Old Timers' Association formed at Keremeos. This was the beginning of the Boundary and Okanagan Historical Societies.

Henry was inadvertently in a terrible accident in which the stage coachdriver was killed. The telling of the tale indicates the wildness and inaccessibility of the country. Henry was a passenger in a four-horse stage going from Camp McKinney to Midway in June 1901. On the descent

down the long and winding hill the driver lost control of the horses and they were going too fast to negotiate the sharp turn at the bottom of the hill. The stage flipped over and landed on the opposite side of the creek upside down. The driver, Andy Kirkland, was killed instantly and Henry received only minor injuries, but no one was more convinced than Henry that the area had to be made more accessible to the outside. He always dreamed of the railway coming to this remote area. His daughter, Bessie came out to Rock Creek in 1890 and said that her father kept saying that the railroad was coming. In September, 1899, railway surveyors were working in the the area of Camp McKinney for the third time. Henry and the "Cascade Record" speculated that "the route (through Rock Creek and Camp McKinney) will be followed when the railroad is built from Midway to Penticton." Of course, as we know now, the railroad finally came in but it did not go through Camp McKinney as was speculated. (1906—The Vancouver, Victoria and Eastern Railway extended its railway from Curlew over the Molson Hill to Oroville. 1913—The Kettle Valley Railway laid track from Midway west for 83 miles.)

Of Henry's personal life, we know very little. He married Emma Webster in 1864 at the age of 19 years. He joined the Masonic Windsor Castle Lodge in 1872, but there is no evidence that he was active in the Lodge here in B.C. He and Emma had their only child, Bessie Emily, born February 14, 1873. She was raised in England by Henry's sister and husband, Emily and Richard Davies. Henry saw his daughter for the first time in 1890, when Bessie and her aunt and uncle came to Rock Creek and lived in Henry's cabin on Nicholson Creek. It was a world in sharp contrast to England. They were struck with the isolation and barrenness. Bessie wrote of her experience, "The mail was brought in once a month by pack horse, and our food supplies came mostly from Colville on the U.S. border. Food supplies came by pack train, and generally at six month intervals. Everything had to be in bulk, the coffeebeans were green, and had to be roasted and then ground. Our light was from coal-oil lamps of various sizes".

Finally in 1892, Richard, Emily and Bessie moved to Vernon, where Richard later became that city's first City Clerk. Henry's wife, Emma came out from England in about 1894 and lived with him in his cabin at Camp McKinney. Henry's daughter, Bessie married Harry Pittendrigh on September 8, 1892 in Vernon and they lived in Osoyoos in the Judge Haynes house as Harry was the manager of the Haynes estate. (Harry's sister, Emily, was the widow of Judge Haynes).

In April 1894, Harry and Bessie moved to Rock Creek and eventually had the Rock Creek Hotel built. They raised their family there. Henry lived close by his daughter in his later years and his grandchildren remembered him as a kindly and generous grandfather. Dolly Cousins (nee Pittendrigh) told the writer that her grandfather would return from the assizes laden with gifts for all his grandchildren. He lived in the small frame building standing on the hill opposite the Rock Creek Hotel when it ceased to be used as a school. Henry had additions added for a kitchen and pantry, a bedroom and an office for himself

Henry kept his office open in Rock Creek and advertised in the "Greenwood Ledge" as a Notary Public, Land and Mining Agent and Mining Recorder. On Saturday, February 10, 1917, Henry was taken to the hospital in Greenwood in a serious condition and died later that day. He was 72 years old and had lived in the vicinity of Keremeos and Rock Creek for 45 years. The funeral was held in Rock Creek and he was buried in the Rock Creek cemetery. He was survived by his daughter, Bessie and son-in-law, Harry and eight grandchildren.

He never returned to his home in England as his old partner, Barrington Price had done. He never regretted his decision made so many years before to come to this new country and he continued to serve British Columbia right up until his death. He had come when the country was still wild and unsettled and saw it through great settlement and development. He never gave up hope for mining development and passed on his claim, the "Snowdon MC", up Rock Creek to his daughter and grandchildren.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

1. Isabel (Dolly) Cousins (nee Pittendrigh), North Vancouver
2. Frances M.(Peggy) Cousins (Dolly's daughter), North Vancouver
3. Doris Abel, Enderby
4. Boundary Historical Society Reports
5. Okanagan Historical Society Reports
6. Newspapers:Grand Forks Gazette, Greenwood Ledge, Mainland Guardian, British Columbia Colonist
7. B.C. Directory, 1882
8. Voter's List for Rock Creek Polling Division, 1875
9. Hendersen's Gazette, 1890
10. B.C. Archives and Records Service, Victoria
11. The Corporation of the City of Vernon
12. Anglican Church, Synod Office, Diocese of Kootenay, Kelowna
13. "Border Gold" by Mae Atwood

14. "Ghost Towns and Mining Camps of the Boundary Country" and "Lost Bonanzas of Western Canada" by Garnet Basque
15. Transcript "History of Rock Creek" by Rock Creek Women's Institute, May 1957, Letter of Mrs. B.E. Pittendrigh
16. "A Pioneer Gentlewoman in B.C. The Recollections of Susan Allison", edited by Margaret Ormsby
17. "John Carmichael Haynes", article by Hester White in the British Columbia Historical Quarterly, 1940
18. "Encyclopedia of Ghost Towns and Mining Camps of B.C." Volume 2 by T.W.Paterson
19. Articles by Henry Nicholson:"Early Days in Similkameen" A Paper read by the late Henry Nicholson before the Kettle River and South Okanagan Pioneer Society. Okanagan Historical and Natural History Society, Report #5 "In Days Gone By" The reminiscences of an early settler in the Similkameen country were contained in a letter to the editor of the Hedley Gazette and Similkameen Advertiser and were published in the first issue of that newspaper dated January 10, 1905. Okanagan Historical Society Report, Volume 26."Early Mining of Rock Creek and Vicinity" Henry Nicholson, J.P. Camp McKinney, B.C. Boundary Historical Society Report #7.

ROCK CREEK

POSTMASTER, THOS. ELLIOT

Rock Creek is 210 miles from Spokane Falls, and is in the Dominion Electoral District of Yale Kootenay, and Provincial of Yale.

It is one of the old mining camps of British Columbia, and has two general stores and one hotel, which affords accommodation to prospectors, etc. It has a population of 150.

Bumby, J., miner
Carmichael, D.A., miner
Copeland, Jas., miner
Deitz, Chas, miner
Douglas, John, miner
Edwards, W.M., miner
Elliot, Thos., merchant & postmaster
Gratkins, Fred., miner
Haddieun & Co, hotelkeepers
Hook, John., restaurant keeper
Hozier, C.W., fmr
James, Ed., miner
Lambley, C A R, tax collector and assessor
McMyn, Thos., fmr
McMyn, Wm., fmr
Nicholson, Henry, fmr
Powers, Theodore, miner
Raby, Thos., miner
Rose, Harry, blacksmith
Shehan, Geo., miner
Sidley, R, JP, fmr
Wilkinson, Geo., miner
Stronach, Alfred V, saloonkeeper
Younkin, Wm., miner

Williams Directory circa 1892

9
Curling Ladies
By Phyllis Acres

Ladies team (l to r) Joyce Perly, Phyllis Acres, Bubbles Anderson N. Van Izerloo, Mrs. Booth, Delly Farrel, Ruth Anderson,and Rose Warman

In the early afternoon of January 4, 1949, eighteen inexperienced but enthusiastic ladies gathered at the curling rink - the old 3 sheet rink that was situated for many years opposite the Royal Canadian Legion, to organize a ladies' curling club. There had been ladies' curling prior to this date, but this was the start of today's ladies regular curling club.

The meeting was held under the direction of the President of the Men's Curling Club, the one and only Rocker (Ted) Reynolds, and Secretary Alf Downey. The meeting was conducted in Ted's inimitable style with much camaraderie and good humour. We all knew that, as the curling season approached, his good humour became noticeable. At this meeting Dorothy Wilkins was elected President and Jessie Roberts was elected Secretary Treasurer. The classification and competition committee was made up of Margaret Mussleman, a teacher at the Secondary School, Lou Clark, Helen MacIntosh, and Phyllis Acres.

None of the ladies present had curled so it was up to Ted Reynolds and Alf Downey to appoint the skips and they were: Mussleman, Clark, MacIntosh, Wilkins, Acres, and Roberts. The ladies were informed that for $2.00 per year, payable to the Men's Secretary Treasurer after two trial games, they could play on two afternoons - Tuesday and Saturday, and could have one sheet of ice for 3 evenings- Tuesday, Saturday, and Sunday. When the meeting adjourned 4 rinks were hurriedly formed to play

scratch games on the following Saturday afternoon, January 8th, and we can say that from that date, organized curling began amongst the ladies of Grand Forks. The record book shows that Mussleman played MacIntosh, and Wilkins played Roberts, but there is no record of the make-up of the rinks, or the outcome of the games.

The Secretary's report for 1949 shows that the club was made up of 25 ladies and that dues of $50.00 had been paid to the Men's Club.

The report also shows that the ladies organized the first mixed bonspiel. We must state here that not all of the Men's Club were in favour of the ladies using the ice or rink, and it took some persuasion to organize the first mixed bonspiel, which is recalled as being a great success. The ladies also hosted ladies from Greenwood at a small bonspiel that year.

It must be remembered that all play was on natural ice and any event that was scheduled depended on the weather and consequently some games were held at midnight or later to take advantage of a drop in temperature. February seems to have been the month in which the most successful events could be held, but some of the ladies will remember one disastrous February event when a mild spell developed and the water on the ice stopped all play and the bonspiel became fun and games in the clubhouse.

In Greenwood, curling was at that time on natural ice also and many a return bonspiel was held. The highway was not as it is today and travel late at night on a return journey was sometimes fraught with problems. We were joined by Midway with its new rink with artificial ice. Then Greenwood also had a new 3 sheet rink but although Grand Forks put in artificial ice in 1956, it wasn't until 1979 that the present new rink was built.

Another handicap to the curlers in the early years was the odd assortment of rocks - different sizes and weights - all in need of sharpening. In 1950, in deference to the ladies, four new sets of 38 pound rocks were purchased by the Men's Club.

As the ladies improved their game, they became daring enough to venture to Osoyoos and Penticton for bonspiels and a foursome of Dot Wilkins, Marg McRobb, Lottie Ralloff, and Phyllis Acres participated in the Osoyoos Ladies' first ever bonspiel, and Bubbles Anderson, Mary Martin, Phyllis Acres, and Marg McRobb, went to Penticton's first. One winter, an intrepid foursome competed at Beaverdell. When, in 1956, artificial ice was installed, improvements were made to the club house and a modern kitchen was part of the new construction. A volunteer from the Ladies' Club would have coffee ready for the curlers each evening.

10
Seeking Justice
by Bea Zucco

If something good comes, I enjoy it to the fullest, for I know it cannot last forever. If something bad comes, I live through it, for I know it will pass.

I was born in 1922 in Nelson, B.C., but my family moved to Grand Forks when I was two years old. My Mother died when I was five and I was raised by my Father, my Granny and friends.

When I was in Grade 6 my Father moved my sister, Margaret and me up the North Fork where I finished school, Grade 8, at the Brown Creek School. My Father was ill. It was still depression time and we were not able to go any further in school.

When I had just turned seventeen, in January 1940, I married a neighbor, Jack Zucco. He was born in Spokane, Washington in 1911. The first years of his life were spent in Phoenix, but when he was quite young his parents moved to a farm 20 kilometers up the North Fork. He also went to the Brown Creek School to Grade 8. He went to work at a very early age, first for Bob Simpson and then when he was old enough (probably 15 or 16) he went to work underground at the Union Mine. He worked at various mines in the Kootenays - the Durango, the Yankee Girl.

Within the year of our marriage we moved to Bralorne and then on to the Red Rose mine at Hazelton. It was quite an experience for a girl of eighteen. We lived in tents with a bed made of fir boughs, about 10 inches long and stacked with the soft end up. The bed had to be remade when a sunny day came, which was very seldom.

My days were filled helping the camp cook. He had to cook everything on a 45 gallon drum stove with a flat top. I had a very tiny cook stove with a small oven, but everyday I made a cake for the crew of about 15 or 20 men. To show their gratitude, as each one went to town they would try to outdo one another by buying a bigger and better box of chocolates. It was during the war and things were rationed. Since I had more chocolates than I wanted they were passed around at the supper table.

Les Walker, Bea Zucco, and John Stanton *c. B. Zucco*

I became pregnant with my first child. At this time we moved up to the top of the mountain, a mile above timberline into a very small cabin with ice still on the inside of the boards. I still had my little stove which was quickly put to good use drying out the cabin. We had only scraps of lumber for wood as there were no trees. We were happy to see the snow arrive as the only water we had was brought up in two barrels on horseback. Each trip probably took three hours and the water had to service the cookhouse and about 15 men and myself.

Our little cabin was about 10' by 12' and held a REAL bed, my little stove, a small table and (blasting) powder boxes for chairs. I had a few shelves put up and kept chocolate bars, shaving cream, cigarettes and small items that the men might need.

My entertainment in this camp was helping the cook. This new cook loved to drink all the extract flavorings as there was no liquor allowed in camp. Consequently he would get drunk quite often and would order me around, but he did teach me to roast meat and to make pies. Eventually my husband, who was the foreman, cancelled all flavorings coming into the cookhouse. Any cakes were then made without any flavorings.

Smelter in Grand Forks *c. B. Zucco*

One incident that I won't forget was the flying outhouse. Because it was very windy, all the buildings were held down with cables tied onto logs buried six feet in the ground, all except the outhouse. The men would wait one by one in a line up after dinner. As one man came in the other would run out. One time as the door was opened the man waiting saw the outhouse flying over the hill. Until a new one was built they all had to use the mine!

At this time I was getting close to the end of my pregnancy and the first aid man was worried that I would have the baby early. I had to go to Hazelton. The new baby was two weeks overdue.

We lived at the Red Rose Mine until 1944 and then we were moved to Trail. The mine at Hazelton produced tungsten and it was no longer needed for the war effort. We moved from Trail to Grand Forks where we farmed for a few years, then to the Fairview Mine at Oliver and then on to the H.B. Mine at Salmo. By this time we also had a son, Johnny and I was pregnant with my third child, Sylvia. We were back living in tents, but in June we moved into a beautiful little company house in Salmo which I designed.

In September 1949 Sylvia was born in the Trail Hospital. It was about this time that Jack came down with a bad cold. I came home with the new baby and life was wonderful. We had a beautiful new home. We bought our first furniture, a chesterfield and record player with one record - the Mills Brothers. I'm sure we wore out a needle playing that record.

Jack and Bea Zucco *c. B. Zucco*

Six weeks went by. My husband was getting sicker. I finally talked him into going to see a doctor in Salmo. The doctor sent him to Nelson and they put him in the hospital. The next day I went to see him. It was then the doctor told me he had tuberculosis. My whole world was shattered. I remember driving home from Nelson to Salmo, crying all the way.

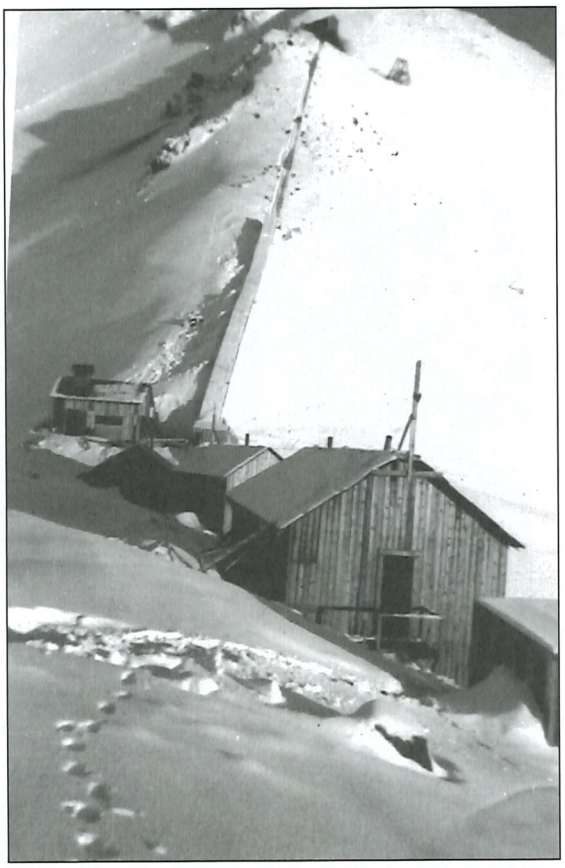
Jack was sent to Tranquille and I had to move from the Company House. I had no place to go. My daughter, Margaret, was left in Salmo with the Albert Best family as she was going to school. Johnny was sent to Grand Forks to stay with my sister, Marg Bryant and Sylvia, my beautiful new baby, was left with John and Olwyn McMynn at the mine. I went to Kamloops to be near my husband. I went to work at Tranquille.

In 1952 I was called into the doctor's office where I was told they expected my husband to live only another month or two. I had been corresponding with Dr. Goresky in Castlegar who had been helping people to heal themselves through psychology. I took my husband out of Tranquille on a stretcher and took him to Castlegar where we moved into a basement suite. The people from the mine at Salmo had moved our furniture and filled the fridge with food.

After a few months my husband had gained weight, was up walking and I was so sure he was getting better. A trip to Nelson for X-rays dashed all my hopes. Dr. Morrison told me the TB would not heal because of the silicosis in his lungs. Unfortunately I couldn't get it in writing. (The silica dust, common in hard rock mines, causes damage to the lungs. A pension is provided for patients with silicosis, but not for those with tuberculosis).

We moved into a house in Kinnaird and by this time John McMynn had convinced Cominco to pay out Jack's life insurance, over $2000. With that and some help from his Father we managed. His Father bought the place in Kinnaird. Now I had all three children living with us. It proved very hard on the children. They were shunned at school because their father had TB.

I became pregnant with my fourth child. Dr. Goresky told me my husband would live as long as I looked after him and that he could even outlive me. I had to make a very big decision. Him or the children! Jack was put into Pearson Hospital in Vancouver.



Red Rose Mine, 1941 *c. B. Zucco*

In August, 1952, my daughter, Dede, was born. In the hospital they decided to give me a blood transfusion to help get me back on my feet. Then a year later the public health nurse gave me another TB test and it was discovered I had TB also. Up until this time I had always had a negative patch test. In those days doctors did not believe anything could be passed from one person to another in the blood.

The family was separated once again. The children were put into other people's homes and I was sent to Pearson Hospital where I spent a few months. When my husband had first gone into Tranquille and I was working there, I watched fear take over the patients. Now I was living in the midst of this fear, but was determined to overcome it.

Bea (Cookson) Zucco's home at Brown Creek - Granny Galloway *c. B. Zucco*

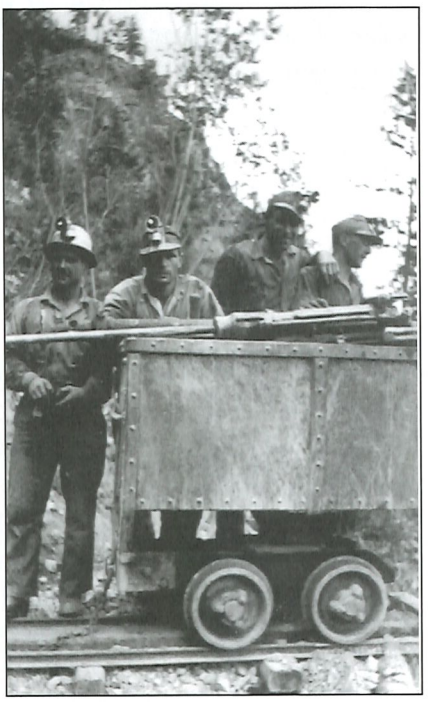
After a few months in the Sanitorium, the doctors wanted to operate on my lungs and cut out the TB. Since I was still "negative" and could not pass the disease on, I refused the operation and signed myself out. I had very little money and my friends thought I was crazy.

I spent a few weeks in a cheap rooming house to gain my strength back. Then I used a diamond ring to put a down payment on a car. I talked some cosmetic people into trusting me with a load of cosmetics and left for the interior. It was one of my unforgettable trips. The first day I got to Aldergrove where I checked into a motel. In the morning I managed to sell the lady who had the motel enough cosmetics to cover the price of the room. Then I headed for Hope where I sold a lady in a beauty parlor some stock. Then on to Manning Park where I spent the weekend in a bunkhouse -cheap rent. I sold all the girls who were working there more cosmetics.

On Monday I drove to Princeton, rented a motel for a week, bought a few groceries and I had the big sum of $1.76 left. Somehow I felt very secure and happy and spent every spare moment when I wasn't selling cosmetics, practising Dr. Goresky's theory. To make a long story short- in six months I returned to Vancouver. My husband insisted I have an X-ray and I was cured.

The only other treatment I took was from a chiropractor, Steve Liptak. He told me to get out and climb mountains, get lots of exercise, because I was sneezing a lot. He said that was my body's way of getting rid of everything. I studied Dr. Goresky's theory religiously. I guess I wanted to prove that my decision in bringing my husband to Castlegar had been the right one. I should have taken him to Steve also.

Then I moved to New Westminster. After several attempts to get some written statements from the doctors that Jack had silicosis, I took him out of the San and down to Bellingham. There he was X rayed and I got a letter from that doctor stating that he indeed had silicosis and that it was making it impossible for the TB to heal.



Four Miners *c. B. Zucco*

I took this information to the Workmen's Compensation Board, but they ignored it. That was when I decided to take my children and sit on the steps of the Compensation Board office. We got lots of media coverage, but all they promised was a commission. When I received a letter months later turning down my husband's request for a silicosis pension, I then took my children to Victoria where we sat on the Parliament steps for a day. Lots more media coverage and another promised commission. Then another letter turning down the pension.

In the meantime we were evicted from one house, then the second eviction. I then decided to move the children back to the interior. I went to a car dealership in Vancouver and convinced them to loan me a car. I put a big sign on the top and drove to many mining camps where I gave talks. The men and Unions donated enough money to keep me going and to hire the Union lawyer, John Stanton.

I talked to every provincial politician and wrote letters, but it was a waste of paper, stamps and time. Then there was an election coming up and I went to Victoria and sat on the steps of the Legislature for ten days. I slept in my car the first couple of nights. Then a mining engineer whom we had met at the Red Rose Mine invited me to stay at their home at night. What wonderful people! When I left Victoria they gave me an envelope to open on the Ferry. It was a lovely note and $50. A fortune!

I was living from hand to mouth, but in my spare time I was selling a cleaner and if I could make a sale two or three times a day, I could get by for that day. I was always selling something, cosmetics, wonder brushes, books, pots and pans, cleaners, whatever. There was probably another commission. I lost track. I spent a lot of time cornering politicians. If I heard they were giving a speech someplace, I would be there.

In 1957 I had a bad case of burn out and I went by boat to Kitimat. I was selling silverware then, but the weather was dreadful. I had no car and the bus service was terrible. Fortunately I had picked up a B license somewhere along the way and knew the RCMP Sergeant. After a couple of very difficult weeks I got a job driving cab. It was quite an experience.

I came back to Vancouver because my husband was very ill. He died on April 2, 1958 and by this time the doctor in charge at the San was very helpful. I phoned the lawyer and he protected the autopsy so the "problem" couldn't be buried.

Since it was going to be several days or weeks before I would know the outcome, after the funeral I packed what few belongings I had into an old van. It had poor brakes and I had to go down all hills in low gear. It took me two days to drive from Vancouver to Castlegar. I was worn out, both physically and emotionally.

After a week or two I had a call from Simma Holt, a Vancouver Sun reporter, who had taken a real interest in the case and remained a friend for years. They had proven the silicosis and could I come to Vancouver to collect the pension? I had no money and very little energy, so Simma sent me the money for a bus ticket.

That was 36 years ago and after the children were grown I started the Argosheen business. All my previous experience in selling was put to good use when I found a wonderful product that we buy direct from the manufacturer.

Today my daughter, Slyvia, looks after the business and I enjoy a lifestyle I have always dreamed of- a little farm, chickens, a garden, a faith-

ful dog and a few cats. I am so grateful to have been able to return to Grand Forks and the quiet life.

This case received wide spread publicity at the time.
Quote from the Vancouver Sun, April 24, 1958.
" Make Amends to Mrs. Zucco"

"Nothing less than retroactive pension award will satisfy simple justice in the Zucco case. The dead miner should have had a pension from the Workmen's Compensation Board during his disabled lifetime. His widow ought to be reimbursed for the sum foregone and pensioned for the future. If the law doesn't allow for this course, then the law ought to be changed.

No matter how generous the settlement, Mrs. Bea Zucco has earned every penny in her courageous fight to prove that her husband suffered from compensable silicosis. A pathologist has now established the WCB made a tragic mistake-certainly in good faith-in rejecting the claim...The speed with which the Board makes amends will be one measure of the sincerity of its apology.

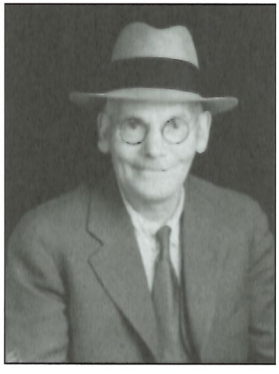
The public's admiration and sympathy went out to Mrs. Zucco for her determined struggle in what seemed to be a lost cause. She can't be compensated in money for years of grief and misery. But she may derive some satisfaction from knowing that her fellow citizens regard her as a woman of heroic character."

John Stanton, a pioneer labour lawyer, handled the Zucco case against the WCB at the request of Les Walker, a Mine Mill officer who was also suffering from silicosis. Stanton writes of this case in his book, Never Say Die, 1987, Steel Rail Publishing:

"The case had taken nine years and included the professional opinion of many doctors. Sixteen had confirmed a diagnosis of silicosis; only seven had not.

Bea Zucco and her children received the benefits to which they were entitled under the Act. It was a long-overdue debt the mining industry owed to Jack Zucco, whose youth had been sacrificed to enrich that industry. Money alone could never fully compensate the Zucco family. Jack not only suffered the physical torments of the disease but experienced the anguish of knowing that he was dying without being able to provide for his family"

Editor's note: Bea Zucco, having faced incredible hardships with a dying husband and with four small children to care for while she herself had contracted TB., had finally been vindicated. It was a victory, not only for the Zucco family, but for others suffering from silicosis. It became a benchmark case and had immediate repercussions to amend the Workmen's Compensation Act to ensure there were no more cases where someone had to die to prove his rights to a pension. She opened the way with grace, courage, determination and above all without bitterness.



Happy Mulcare
North Fork Resident

Dick, Ole, and Jack Zucco *c. B. Zucco*

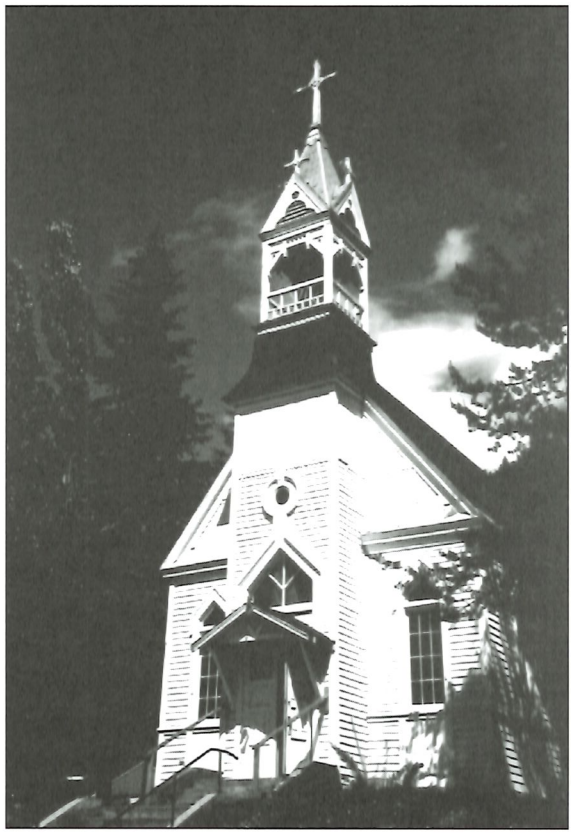
11
Father Agnellus Pickelle S.A.
by Rose Boltz

People throughout the Boundary experienced a loss with the news of the death of a friend and pastor, Father Agnellus. He had been a "light unto all who knew him" and our lives are richer because of that light.

Born on August 10, 1909 and named Leroy Pickelle, he spent his boyhood years on his parent's farm near London, Ontario. He was a bright student with an inquisitive mind and a determined spirit. He was raised as a Methodist, but as a teenager he began a spiritual search which led him to the Catholic Faith. He was received into the church at the age of 17 years.

Later when he felt the call to the priesthood, he joined the Franciscan Community which is based in Garrison, New York. This community had been founded by Father Paul Watson who was also a convert to the Catholic Faith and whose kindness influenced Father Agnellus. The Community was named the Society of Atonement and the Friars, as they were called, patterned their lives after St. Francis. They wore the traditional brown robe and sandals. The robe was made of a heavy material and Father Agnellus said it resembled a horse blanket tied in the middle with a clothes line. He proudly donned his habit and he too, became a true Franciscan. He continued his studies and was ordained on June 7, 1938, setting his goal to serve God, help the poor and promote the cause of Christian Unity.

A man of many talents, he spent his next few years in a variety of assignments, including teaching in the Seminary and travelling throughout United States and Canada, promoting Christian Unity. In 1947, at the request of Bishop Johnson, Father Celestine Leahy and Father Agnellus arrived in the Diocese of Nelson to meet the pastoral needs of the people of Athalmer and Canal Flats. For eleven years he was involved, not only in their spiritual needs but also in their civic needs.



Sacred Heart Church, Greenwood *c. D. Boltz*

St. Joseph the Worker at Steveston was his next assignment. His ministry brought him to the Youth Correctional Institution to bring hope and caring to the inmates, as well as to the ever present poor of the streets. Under his direction a new church was built on Williams Road in Richmond, which today continues to meet the needs of the parish.

He was appointed to the Sacred Heart Parish in Greenwood in 1968 and arrived there on October 3rd. On the following Sunday, he announced, "By way of introduction, I am not Friar Tuck". Immediately we were put at ease with this man of keen wit.

He worked closely with his fellow clergymen and was often called upon to help when people of other Faiths were in need of a minister. He assisted the congregation of St. Judes Anglican Church in the restoration of their church.

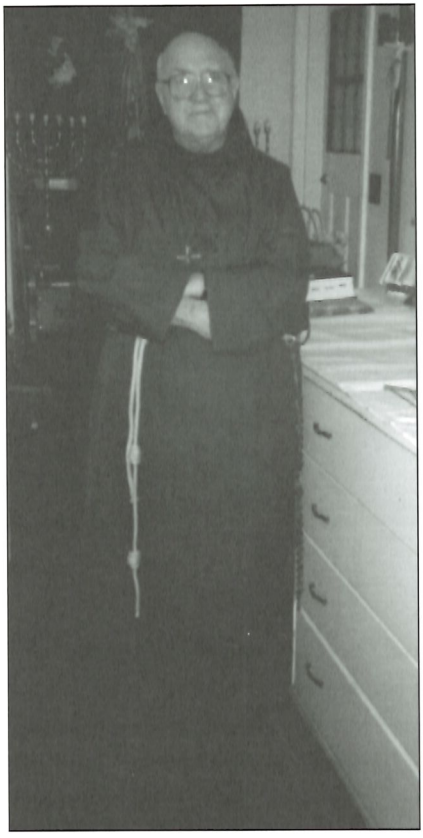
Father Agnellus *c. R. Boltz*

The respect he had for the "Traditional" was apparent in the work he did in the restoration and redecoration of Sacred Heart Church which was built in 1900. He paid special attention to each detail and unique feature. He also refurnished the Parish House and created a homey atmosphere for his many guests. He was particularly fond of pump organs and restored many of them. These organs have now been donated to the Parish.

With his wonderful singing voice, he led the congregational singing. Christmas Eve Midnight Mass was another tradition that he insisted on, even when his health was failing, a memory we all hold very near to our hearts. Parish duties also took him to Beaverdell, Westbridge and Kettle Valley.

Father Agnellus adopted Greenwood and its citizens as his own. He served as Chaplain for the Canadian Legion Branch No. 155 for many years and as Chaplain for the Greenwood Fire Department. With the founding of the Senior Citizen's Group, he became a member and served as chaplain. The City of Greenwood recognized him as Citizen of the Year in 1988.

He will long be remembered for his sense of humor and his ability to laugh at himself. He said with a name like Pickelle you have to be able to see the funny side of life. He told of one incident when his mother had



Father Agnellus *c. R. McCabe*

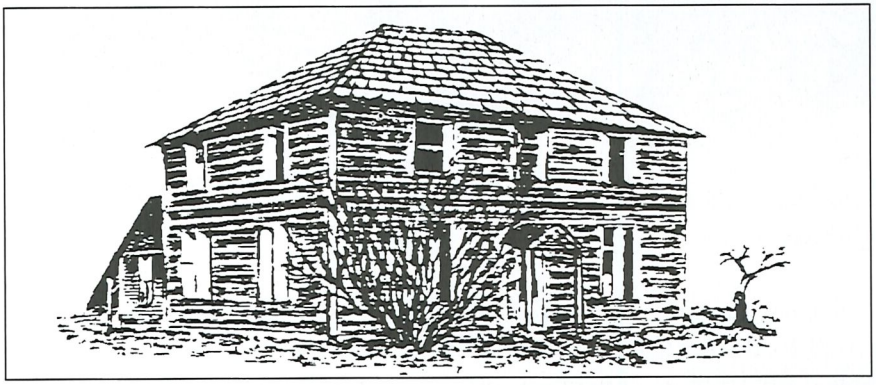
taken the six children to the nearby town and a friend said, "Good morning Mrs. Pickle, and how are you and all your little cucumbers?"

He was often disturbed early in the morning to answer the door bell or the telephone and it was usually someone in need of warmth and comfort. One such morning a man stood at the door and told him that he was a Catholic from Quebec. He and his friend had spent the night in the park and were cold and hungry. When Father Agnellus asked about his friend, he was told that he was a Protestant. The reply from Father Agnellus was, "March down to the park and get him because Protestants get just as hungry and cold as Catholics."

We honored Father Agnellus on the occasion of his 40th anniversary of Ordination in 1978 and again on his 50th year of Ordination in 1988. On October 3, 1993, we celebrated his 25 years of service to the parishioners of Sacred Heart. We had a wonderful day with a service, food and friends, but we were also aware of his suffering which he tried to conceal. He continued to serve as pastor until February 1994, but was finally taken to the Monastery at Garrison, N.Y. where he died on August 2, 1994. He was buried in the Friar's Cemetery at Graymoor, N.Y. His parishioners and his many friends are left with the task of following his example, always with a feeling of gratitude for having had the privilege of knowing such a "gentle man of God".

The leaving of Father Agnellus marked the end of some fifty years of the presence of the Society of Atonement in Greenwood. They first arrived in 1942 with the evacuation of the Japanese from the coast areas.

12
Lawrence Folvik: The Rancher
(December 2, 1992)
Eulogy by Neil Smith

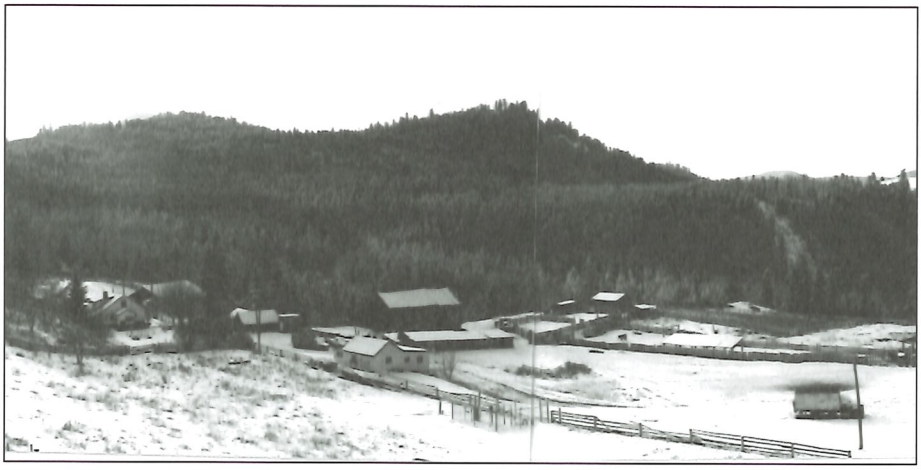


Folvik Homestead, by B. Tiffin

Let us reflect for a moment on the history of the Folvik family. Their roots were in Norway. Lawrence's Dad and Mother came to Greenwood about the turn of the century. They were not known to each other at that time. Later they married and moved to McCarren Creek and took up land way up on the hill above Boundary Falls. It was here in a little log cabin that Lawrence was born on January 23, 1912. His Father built the big log house that they later lived in and it is still there- a very solid structure.

Going to school in those days was not as easy as it is now. It was the time of the one-room school, outhouse and frozen inkwells. It was usually a long walk. Danny Boltz recalled how he came down one side of the valley and Lawrence came from the other side to the Boundary Falls School. Andy Swanlund was also attending at that time. Ruth McMynn was their teacher. Lawrence, at the age of 14, was out cutting ties.

Lawrence was 17 when Sinaida Lepin arrived at McCarren Creek with her family from Poland. Six years later on May 25, 1935 they were married in Kelowna. Sylvia was born in 1938, followed by Bonnie, Larry and Dennis.



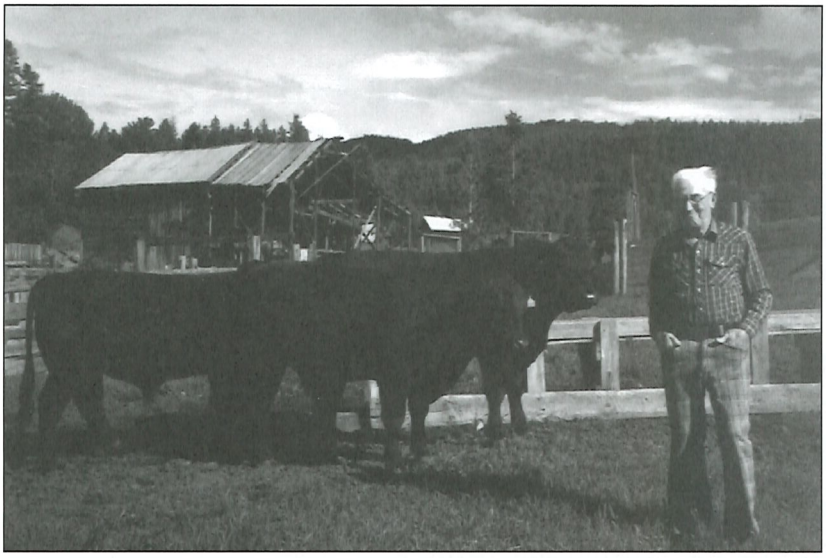
Folvik Ranch *c. S. Folvik*

Lawrence was busy in the sawmill business by this time when they moved to Beaverdell. He cut ties for the C.P.R. for a few years. Sinaida cooked for 16 men. There was no power and they had to haul water from the river. It was a very busy time with many hours of hard work. Later they moved back to the home at Mc Carren Creek where the sawmilling continued until the business was sold to Ed Cook in 1950.

There always had been cattle at the Folvik ranch. Some of these were Black Angus and Lawrence often mentioned that they were good cattle. And so it was that another interest had developed. A new venture began in 1948 with the purchase of 15 purebred heifers from August Lappenbush, then of Kettle Valley.

More purebreds were purchased over the years and the herd grew rapidly. More land was purchased to provide more hay and pasture for the increasing number of cattle. Many good bulls were brought in to the herd over the years which continued to improve the quality.

In 1955 Lawrence entered his first three bulls in Kamloops. They did not bring in a lot of money, but it was a good start and with perseverance and the help of Sinaida and his growing family success was to follow. The Folviks were now selling bulls and breeding stock all over British Columbia as well as into Alberta and Washington and, later, as far away as Nebraska and Ohio. One year they held their own production sale of 70 bulls in Okanogan, Washington. In 1983 a successful production sale was held at the home ranch.



Lawrence Folvik *c. S. Folvik*

Lawrence and Sinaida have been such great citizens in this community and they have supported many worthwhile endeavors. I remember so well the involvement of their family in the 4H Beef Club Program and all the effort they gave to make it successful.

The years, however, take a toll on all of us, but Lawrence was not one to retire even though he was nearing the age of 81 and troubled with ill health. And so it was the other morning (November 29th) - there were cattle to feed and he went out as he has for so long and he passed away on the hill where he was born and worked these many years.

13
"They Possess Great Faith":
The Grand Forks Miner and (Boosterism in) the Boundary, 1896 - 1900
By Brian Gobbett

When Prime Minister Laurier expressed the belief "that the twentieth century is the century of Canada," [1] he was expressing the optimism that was characteristic of late Victorian Canada.[2] This optimism was reflected in many of the communities of the West; the people of these towns basked in the expanding Dominion of Canada, the completion of the CPR, and anxiously anticipated the flood of immigrants and of prosperity that was, they thought, destined to arrive. The Grand Forks Miner, a weekly newspaper established in 1896 with G. Earl McCarter as editor, reflected much of this spirit during its short four-year run. As the principal written medium of the district, the Miner illustrates well the sense of materialistic optimism and attempts at promotion that were so characteristic of the Boundary in the years surrounding the turn of the century.

Boosterism—a largely urban movement advocating the desirability of growth[3]—was rooted primarily in a material vision to see Grand Forks become the largest and most prosperous town in the Boundary. From its onset the pages of the Miner were dominated, as one might expect, by the apparent mineral wealth of the district. "The immensity of the ore deposits in the Boundary and Kettle River districts," the Miner optimistically proclaimed, "is almost unparalleled in history."[4] While nature, it seemed, had done her share, it remained to the prospector and entrepreneur to do their part and transform the area's natural wealth into tangible material assets. In urging individuals towards this goal the Miner, in almost evangelical fashion, regularly reported claims of men such as G.R. Propper—who claimed over twenty years experience in mining—and argued that the Boundary district was "the greatest mineral country on the face of the earth."[5] In order to better facilitate the extraction of this resource—and the accompanying prosperity and growth—the Miner urged businessmen and prospectors to send a mineral exhibit to the Spokane Fall Fair:[6] in addition, subscribers were petitioned to send copies

of the exciting news of the Boundary to their American friends. [7] Such exposure would reap huge rewards for the community: the Miner hopefully noted that "American capitalists are beginning to have their attention drawn to the Kettle River mining district."[8] When reports poured in that American investors had purchased or begun developing mining properties, hope emerged that Grand Forks was in the process of "becoming the future substantial city of the Boundary country."[9] On a more personal level, the owners of the Miner hoped to profit since the McCarters were active mining agents with offices in both Grand Forks and Spokane.[10]

The materialistic optimism of the Miner is perhaps most pronounced in its enthusiasm for modern technology. It was reported that in Austria trees had been cut at 7:35, the wood converted to paper at 9:34, and the paper printed and folded by 10:00; such an accomplishment indicated, the Miner argued, that the "age of miracles is not past."[11] On other occasions the Miner lauded the development of the unicycle which would allow a "much higher rate of speed" and of paper bags the exact size of bread so that the "bare, [and] often not too clean, fingers of the servant"[12] would not contaminate the offering. Of much greater importance was the development of water and light facilities, a smelter and, of course, the most tangible symbol of progress in the nineteenth century, a railway. "With a complete water and electric light plant, a 100 ton smelter and two railways", the Miner proclaimed, "Grand Forks is bound to be the future metropolis of the district."[13] Though Grand Forks had to wait anxiously for a single line until September, 1899, the grading of the CPR tracks "inspired the commercial, monetary and mining interests of the country to new and more energetic efforts than have hitherto been characteristic of the business concerns of the Boundary country."[14] Clearly, the future of Grand Forks, as articulated by the Miner, was closely integrated to the coming of the railway.

The spirit of optimistic materialism was so pronounced in the rhetoric of the Miner that there was little appreciation of the beauty or aesthetics of the area without a corresponding note on its potential for wealth. In lauding the natural advantages of Grand Forks G.R. Propper noted that the area was "the Eden of this part of the Province."[15] In continuing this biblical imagery further, however, Propper noted that "right here is where 'King Solomon' missed his greatest expectations—a mountain of mineral and fortunes for thousands of greater men."[16] Likewise, a Miner editorial recommended that any citizens who were "feeling blue and out of sorts

... take a walk up to the top of Observation mountain ... and inhale the rare air."[17] Significantly, however, the editorial also encouraged individuals to take note of the Bonita, Keystone, Le Veta and Grey Eagle claims and to "inspect the wealth of mineral that has lain untouched for generations past."[18]

The boosterism of the Miner encompassed more than a simple vision of material progress; as well, it strove to encourage a social conformity among the citizens of Grand Forks. Boosters saw themselves as community builders. In seeking such a goal, personal and public interests were closely intertwined and there existed little room for the discouraging words of sceptics or, as they were often called, "knockers."[19] Since it was "that pride of citizenship and municipal pride [that] makes cities strong and great," the Miner felt it was incumbent "from time to time ... [to call] attention to the lack of public spiritness of the citizens of Grand Forks."[20] To this end it organized both a series of public meetings on "boosting" the city and a mutual admiration society in order to draw citizens towards the common goal. These ventures were justified, naturally enough, in "the name of being the distributing point for this vast and rich mineral district."[21] On another occasion the Miner ran an article entitled "Men who do a Town No Good". Significantly, among those chastised were individuals who preferred "a quiet town to one of push and business," and those who "oppose every public movement that does not originate with themselves." [22] Quite obviously the Miner wished to discredit any who did not share its vision of a prosperous and vibrant community.

The attempt to impose a community ethos extended beyond the town limits to include nearby Columbia. As Alice Glanville has written, the two centres experienced a bitter rivalry at the turn of the century[23] which erupted over issues such as the location of the Presbyterian church[24] or of the CPR station. When open conflict emerged, the Miner derided those who had provoked animosity. "Instead of quarreling like Tom cats," the newspaper argued, "[the] two opposition towns ... should be banded together in harmony and love."[25] Factional strife gave both places a black eye and, in surely what must be an exaggeration of its subscription list, made "them[the two cities] the laughing stock of the outside world."[26]

Significantly, the attempt to develop a community spirit did not extend to the whole of the Boundary district. Towns such as Greenwood, Rock Creek and, to the east of the district, Rossland remained a threat to the prosperous vision which boosters held for Grand Forks. "If Greenwood

has not got ledges [of ore] 500 feet wide," wrote Grand Forks' most famous booster R.A. "Volcanic" Brown, "[then] we have got them on the North Fork of the Kettle River."[27]

According to the Miner, the Boundary Creek Times apparently saw fit to describe Grand Forks as "a poor, miserable rural hamlet, situated in a frog pond near the Kettle River ... It is a wholesale centre for nothing but gossip and scandal." When the Boundary Creek Times or the Rossland Prospector—in attempting some "boostering" of their own[28]—sought to injure the status of Grand Forks, the Miner responded vehemently. "The Boundary Creek Times," its rival noted, "is unable to realize that it is becoming a laughing stock for all sensible people."[29] Thus the attitude of the Miner illustrated an attempt to develop a community spirit which would extend (and in fact did!) to the nearby town of Columbia; in contrast, centres too far away to be amalgamated were seen as competition in Grand Fork's drive to be the gateway to the Boundary.

In contrast to its attitude to towns to the east and the west, the political boundary of the forty-ninth parallel, the natural north-south contours of the land and a large American population ensured that no animosity was directed towards Spokane. In fact, as has been seen, Spokane was the source of much of the capital that was flowing into the district. Further, during the Klondike gold rush of late 1890s the Miner even saw a partnership developing between the two communities. With its typical confidence, the community organ advised fortune seekers not to go to the Klondike since "999 out of every 1,000 ...[would be] doomed to disappointment" and, in any case, "the Boundary district and the Colville Indian Reservation [afford] better opportunities to make money ... than [the] Klondyke [sic]."[30] However, aware that few would heed its words, the Miner encouraged those who sought to go north, to travel through Spokane and Grand Forks. In advice that defies logic, the Miner told prospectors to be sure "your ticket reads Spokane Overland Route Via Grand Forks and Ashcroft."[31] Fortunately for prospective gold seekers, this advice was so incredible that few—even those struck by gold fever—could have chosen to follow it.[32]

The years surrounding the town's first newspaper were ones of great excitement and progress for Grand Forks: new technology, the coming of the railway and outside communication, the prospect of a mining boom, and—perhaps most impressive to the generation of the 1990s—the delivery of fresh milk to each door twice a day[33] all combined to create a sense

of optimism as the new century dawned. Urged on by this evidence of progress, boosters such as the Miner perceived a greater destiny for the town. The editor preached weekly of the mineral and agricultural wealth of the district, and urged his readers to convert to the gospel of progress. At times G. Earl McCarter was moved to chastise the people of Grand Forks for their apparent failures; at other times, thankfully, he was able to conclude that "there is this, however, to be said of our citizens—they possess great faith, and sure, are entitled to the promised reward."[34]

Acknowledgements

1. Canada: The Land of Opportunity, issued by the authority of the Minister of the Interior (Ottawa, 1920), 20; cited in R.C. Brown and R. Cook, Canada: 1896 - 1921 (Toronto, 1974), 49.
2. See, for example, C. Berger, The Sense of Power (Toronto, 1970), 109; P. Rutherford, A Victorian Authority (Toronto, 1982), 157-8.
3. For literature on boosterism see: Alan Artibise, "Boosterism and the Development of Prairie Cities, 1871 - 1913," The Prairie West: Historical Readings, eds. R.D. Francis and H. Palmer (Edmonton, 1985), 408 - 434; Max Foran, "The Boosters in Boosterism: Some Calgary Examples," Urban History Review 7 (1979), 77 - 82; P.M. Koroscil, "Boosterism and the Settlement Process in the Okanagan Valley, British Columbia, 1890 - 1914," Canadian Papers in Rural History ed. D. H. Akenson 5 (1896), 73 - 103; Ted Binnema, " ' A Feudal Chain of Vassalage': Limited Identities in the Prairie West, 1870 - 1896," Prairie Forum 20 (1995) (forthcoming).
4. Grand Forks Miner, 20 June 1896, 4.
5. Miner, 26 September 1896, 1.
6. Miner, 29 August 1896, 4.
7. Miner, 11 July 1896, 4.
8. Miner, 18 July 1896, 4.
9. Miner, 16 July 1898, 2.
10. Miner, 4 July 1896, 1.
11. Miner, [Westminster Gazette] , 11 July 1896, 3.
12. Miner, 26 February 1898, 1.
13. Miner, 26 March 1896, 2. The pride in Grand Forks that the Miner exhibited went beyond technology. Not only would Grand Forks be the first to have a complete system of water works and electric light, but the Miner proudly noted, "it was the first town in the Boundary to have a man found dead in his room in a hotel; the first to have a man publicly horsewhipped by a woman; and (perhaps more happily!) the first to announce the arrival of a pair of twins. Miner, 30 April 1898,2.
14. Miner, 3 December 1898, 2.
15. Miner, 3 October 1896, 1.
16. Miner, 10 October 1896, 1.
17. Miner, 25 July 1896, 4.
18. Miner, 25 July 1896, 4.
19. Artibise, 413.
20. Miner, 15 October 1898, 2.

21. Miner, 15 October 1898, 2. After one such meeting the Miner proclaimed that the "enthusiasm manifested at the public meeting held in Victoria hall on Tuesday evening is another evidence of the harmony that prevails among the people of Grand Forks. One year ago it would have been utterly impossible to have got a dozen people together on any one occasion." Miner, 21 January 1899, 2.
22. Miner, [Cascade Record], 14 January 1899, 2.
23. Alice Glanville, Grand Forks; The First 100 Years (Grand Forks, 1987), 19 20.
24. Miner, 5 February 1898, 3.
25. Miner, 5 February 1898, 3.
26. Miner, 5 February 1898, 3.
27. Miner, 18 July 1896, 1.
28. Miner, 22 October 1898, 2.
29. Miner, 1 January 1897, 1; on another occasion the Miner noted that the Rossland Prospector must have found news scarce, for its columns contained "nothing outside of waspish thrusts at other papers." Miner, 18 July 1896, 4.
30. Miner, 5 February 1898, 2.
31. Miner, 5 February 1898, 2.
32. For an example of the difficulty of travelling overland to the Klondike, see Gladys Floyd, "Lord Pelly of Jewel Lake," Boundary History 12 (1992), 61 - 2.
33. Miner, 18 July 1896, 1.
34. Miner, 22 January 1898, 2.

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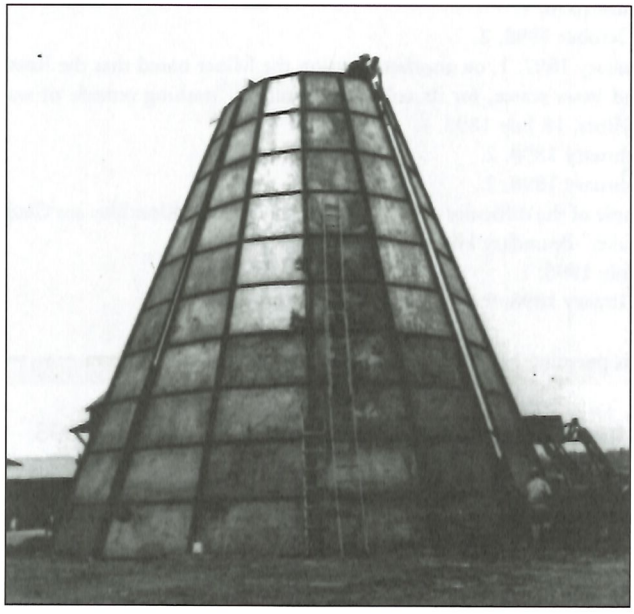
From the Boundary Creek Times Saturday, February 19, 1898
The Times, published in Greenwood, never misses an opportunity to publish any disparaging article about its rival, Grand Forks.

Grand Forks appears never to be safely out of one excitement until it has another to replace it. At present the principal cause of trouble is the Presbyterian minister at Grand Prairie. The reverend gentleman seemingly takes a practical view of life, and sees no harm in dancing and card playing as social amusements. This does not suit members and adherents of his church and charges have been sent to Dr. Robertson, superintendent of missions, to have the pastor removed. The charges are accompanied by a numerously signed petition. From names of the signers to the petition, it might safely be presumed that a large number of them would not seriously object to card playing or dancing as social amusements, even for a minister of the gospel.

14
Sawmill Beehive Burners
By Cliff Kohn



Under Construction *c. W. Docksteader*

Wherever there was a sawmill there had to be a disposal method for refuse. This was usually accomplished by using a sawmill waste burner which was called by various names such as teepee burner, refuse burner or, more universally, beehive burner. The beehive shape is so well recognized that it is used as a symbol to designate the location of a sawmill. Now the beehive burners are seldom used and soon will be only an item of historical interest.

Sawmills have always had a problem of disposing of their bark, sawdust, shavings and slabs. As a result, large sawdust piles and slab piles were a common sight. The 'green' sawdust would heat and spontaneously

Section of Control Damper *c. W. Docksteader*

ignite. This was particularly hazardous when slabs were added as this allowed oxygen to enter the pile. Fires were prevalent and became a great hazard. Some of these huge sawdust piles smoldered for years.

A small step beyond piling and burning was the use of a waste pit dug in the ground. This gave slightly more control and was an aesthetic improvement. However, the sawdust would blanket the fire and smother it. This caused a great deal of smoke but little heat and the waste continued to pile up. When the sawmills moved they left behind the remains of the mill and the piles of waste. Smoke elimination and environmental concerns were not a high priority as the small mills were often portable and were located in sparsely populated areas.

It was realized that superior combustion could be obtained by utilizing the principles used in wood burning stoves, that is, control the oxygen with a system of dampers. Thus were developed the first burners. An example of an early burner was the one constructed for Grand Forks Sawmill (now Pope & Talbot, Grand Forks). In late 1930 Wes Docksteader dismantled a brick kiln at the Rock Candy mine and deliv-

Construction site of Beehive Burner *c. W. Docksteader*

ered the bricks to the Grand Forks Sawmill where an existing burner was rebuilt.

The early burners had a major problem. They could not get sufficient oxygen to reach the high heat required for complete combustion. This resulted in a great deal of smoke and particles in the air. The incomplete burning left a large amount of debris in the burner and the burner had to be cleaned as often as once a week. This meant the burner had to be shut down. It then had to be watered down to cool it off enough for workmen to go inside and shovel out the ashes and unburnt debris. This usually took the entire weekend and must surely rank with the most unpleasant tasks one can imagine.

On Monday morning, after the conveyor had delivered sufficient material to the burner, it was 'fired up'. It took until Tuesday or Wednesday to really start burning efficiently but by then a large pile of debris had accumulated. These primitive burners were acceptable because they were such an improvement over the open piles.

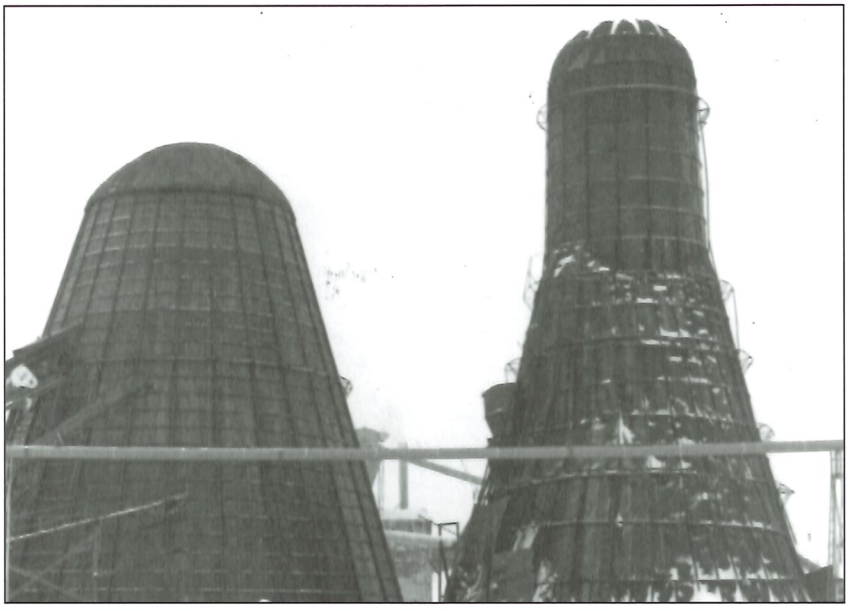
Conveyor belt to burner *c. W. Docksteader*

There was some relief from overproduction in the nineteen thirties, forties and fifties when most of the slabs and sawdust were sold for household fuel. Slabs were cut to stove lengths and the sawdust was delivered by truckload and stored in basements or woodsheds. Planer shavings were sold to ranchers who used them to aerate the top soil. The shavings were used for insulation and bedding for livestock.

The original beehive burners were made of brick. Construction was slow and expensive. Later they were made of steel sheets and screens were placed on top to contain fly ash and burning embers.

Many variations were experimented with. One in Northern Ontario had a ten foot square brick fireplace in the center. Bricks were left out at intervals and this created holes through which air was forced to fan the fire. It looked like a huge blow torch when it had enough burning material around it. It didn't last long because large log ends came off the conveyor and smashed the fireplace. By the end of the week the brick fireplace had dropped. Another good idea had been tried and found wanting but someone was always ready with another innovation.

The next move was to bury fourteen inch pipes in the floor, cover the openings with grates and blow in air. The temperature was now approach-



New burner on left *c. C. Kohn*

ing 1000 degrees F. so more air was blown between the pile and the 'skin' (the burner shell). This kept the skin cool

Since environmental concerns were becoming a consideration so much thought was given to eliminating the smoke or, at least, keeping it to a minimum. Dampers were installed near the top of the burners. These were half round steel assemblies with cables to the control motors which could open and close the massive dampers. Using this method, the temperature could be maintained at 850 degrees F. or at the more desirable 1000 degrees F. At 1000 degrees no smoke is visible.

In order to maintain a high temperature there are three things which have to be controlled:

1. Primary air.
2. Secondary air.
3. Amount of material to be burned.

Interior Mill Equipment in Grand Forks manufactured and installed beehive burners throughout British Columbia and Alberta. Each burner was manufactured according to the requirements of the purchaser. An engineering formula was developed which took into consideration all the

variables. This included species, number of shifts, log consumption, water content and chip and shavings production. Using this formula the factory could customize the burner to eliminate the refuse with the least amount of smoke and fly ash.

The volume of waste material varies with the species being cut and the efficiency of production. 98% of the mills convey their waste directly to the burner. Stockpiling and controlled 'feeding' to the burner would be one way to regulate the fuel supply. However, the cost of handling the waste twice would be prohibitive.

So it was that for many years the routine of 'firing up' on Monday morning continued. 'Monday smoke" became an accepted fact in the sawmill industry and the beehive burners performed satisfactorily for the era in which they were used.

As the population became more environmentally conscious, the sawmills determined to deal more effectively and efficiently with their waste. All the material is now considered a valuable byproduct. There are no slabs produced. The logs are debarked and the clean slabs are chipped for pulp production. The sawdust and bark are utilized in steam generating plants. Shavings are used in the manufacture of particle board.

For this smaller amount of waste a new type burner has been developed. This is the Olivene burner which is constructed of a refractory type block made of fire and heat resistant clay. These silo shaped burners operate at temperatures up to 1600 degrees F. At that temperature they burn more efficiently and are practically smoke free.

Much effort is put into utilization of all material which was formerly considered waste. However, overproduction, steam plant shut down, or transportation problems can necessitate the use of the burner. Then, on a Monday morning, when that little puff of smoke appears, people notice it and, for a few minutes, are reminded of how things used to be.

Acknowledgment: Wes Docksteader, founder of Interior Mill Equipment, supplied technical data and information.

Editor's Note:
Interior Mill Equipment is now owned and managed by Walter Kabatoff. With the beehive burners being phased out, I.M.E. has diversified its operations with many kinds of steel fabrications. Cliff Kohn was plant manager from 1977 to 1988 at the Grand Forks Pope and Talbot Ltd. mill.

15
The Rhone Monument
By Paul Lautard

The War Memorial at Rhone, about eight kilometres north of Westbridge, was erected in May of 1991 in honour of the eight Rhone residents who served Canada in World War II.

Rhone Monument plaque *c. P. Lautard*

In 1939 the population of Rhone was about forty people from six families. Four of those families had members serving in the armed services, all of whom attended the one room Rhone School. The memorial consists of a twenty-eight ton granite boulder surrounded by a concrete base, a steel flagpole, and a bronze plaque bearing the names of those who volunteered in the war.

Colin Harrow and Donald Mitchell were in the Canadian Scottish Regiment of the Third Canadian Infantry Division and landed in Normandy on D-Day. They were later killed in action.

Paul Lautard landed in Normandy with the Engineers attached to the Fifth Canadian Infantry Brigade, Second Canadian Infantry Division.

Dennis Mellor was a tank driver with the British Columbia Dragoons Fifth Canadian Armoured Division and served in Italy and Northwest Europe.

Patrick Mellor served on the high seas in the Royal Canadian Navy. Thelma Mellor served overseas with the Royal Canadian Air Force (W. D.)

Daniel Harrow served with the Royal Canadian Air Force in Canada. Emile Lautard served with the R.C.O.C. on the West coast of British Columbia.

Plaque with flag *c. P. Lautard*

The memorial is just over two kilometres off highway 33 on the old Rhone road and there is off road parking, a picnic table and a rest area beside it. Planted flowers are cared for in season by Paul Lautard. It is a popular stopover for cyclists passing through. The bronze elevation marker tells you that you are at 651 meters or 2161 feet.

Editors note

Paul Lautard was mainly responsible for having this memorial placed here and continues the care of it.

16
Reminiscences
by Helen Campbell

Helen Campbell and Emerson Reid, 1923 - 1993 founding members of St. John's United Church
c. H. Campbell

What changes Grand Forks has undergone since my family moved here February 1913 from Moyie, where my father had owned a general store! My father, having arrived previously, had established a men's furnishing store and obtained a house. He met my mother, my brother Ken and me at West Grand Forks station - one change. Second change - our future home below the C.P.R bridge - The City water system did not reach that far and we had to use a windlass to the river. Presently a well was built in our basement in which a wired cage was lowered where food was put to keep cool. My father had a store and later became the liquor vendor. We lived along the river in a house across from the Boundary Lodge. That was the Campbell home for many years.

Another memory I have is of colder winters and blocks of ice a foot thick being cut on the river at the City Park and stored in sheds under sawdust to be delivered a block each week. In the summer we had our ice-box on the back porch.

A sawmill was operating at Billings which got its supply of logs from out west and floated down the river from Midway during the spring flood. At the end of June they would have a river drive to pick up the old logs. The logs would build up at the C.P.R. bridge. The men would come in flat bottomed boats to separate as many logs as they could. It was such a tangled mess that sometimes they would dynamite them. That was very exciting for us when we were young. My brother and I would sometimes use a pike pole to see if we could catch some of the floating logs. I realize now how dangerous it was.

Dr. Wrinch and Helen Campbell, 1936
c. H. Campbell

Henry Reid and I were reminiscing about skating on McCallum's slough. It was just below the Catholic Church. It is hard to believe as there is no evidence of the slough now. We used to gather the frogs in spring and take them to school and watch the tadpoles develop.

I grew up and went to school here. When I was in high school there was an outbreak of smallpox. Those afflicted were isolated in the old Cottage Hospital situated near the Catholic Church, locally referred to as the pest house. I didn't want to go back to school after we had been out so long. We had to write government exams and I was sure I wouldn't pass. I thought I had my mother almost persuaded and then she changed her mind. I went back and made it.

In those days there were no graduation celebrations. We gathered up our books and went home. We wrote the government exams and waited for the results sometime during the summer. After finishing high school,

Helen Campbell with the Indian twins
c. H. Campbell

I went to UBC for a year. That was before the Big Trek when it was located near the Vancouver General Hospital. A few years later I found myself having nursing lectures in the same buildings.

I went to Normal School and then taught at Carson, a one room school about three miles west of Grand Forks. With my first salary and probably my second I bought a bicycle and I used to bicycle out from our home to school. During the winter months I boarded out there.

After teaching at Carson for three years, I went to a one room school at Zetland, Alberta. To get there I took the railroad to Nelson, took the boat overnight and ended up at Kootenay Landing in the morning and from there by railroad to Calgary. I changed to a branch line to Coronation overnight there and then took a freight train with one passenger car on the end. I got off at Veteran and waited to be picked up and driven to Zetland, my destination.

After a year on the prairies and a short period of 60 degree below zero weather, I decided to change my occupation and went in training at Vancouver General that fall. Training for a nurse was very different then. When I went in training we had three months probation period before we got our cap. We were the first class to wear low shoes. Prior to that all the girls had to wear boots that laced. The basic dress was a blue uniform with stiff collars that were put on and stiff cuffs. In training we had white cotton sleeves on our blue uniform.

They have more academic training today than we did. The doctors gave classes at night after we had a full day on the wards. Today they get their academic training before too much practical work. This is something

Mr. & Mrs. Robert Campbell *c. H. Campbell*

that Sir William Osler wrote, "To study the phenomena of disease without books is to sail an unchartered sea; to study books without patients is not to go to sea at all."

After training I did some private duty nursing in Vancouver at four dollars a day, the going rate at that time. Then I went to Hazelton and stayed until 1937. The Hazelton Hospital had been established under the sponsorship of the Methodist Church in the early 1900's. Dr. Wrinch, the doctor in charge, went there before the hospital was built and did surgery on his kitchen table until the hospital was built. We even did the undertaking as there was no undertaker.

At Hazelton I experienced native culture and beliefs for the first time. We had a set of Indian twins born in the hospital. I wondered why they kept them in the hospital so long. I was told there were different beliefs about twins. If they let them go home too soon one or maybe both of them would die.

From 1937-1942, I did private nursing in Vancouver and then went to Britannia Beach for a short period to nurse a friend of mine who was dying of cancer. She was the company nurse and I was also responsible for her work. The doctor from the mine came down once a week to attend to any medical cases.

I remember a man getting his arm tangled in a pulley at the mine. I phoned the doctor, but he was up at the mine and I was down at the Beach. Fortunately a boat was just coming to dock. The big companies

Old Grand Forks Hospital *c. H. Campbell*

have a good system of communication. He phoned and asked the boat to stay until we could apply first aid and I could accompany the patient to Vancouver. I had to leave my friend until I returned the next day, but the wife of one of the employees had been a nurse and she filled in.

In 1943 I went to Fort Rupert, the northern end of Vancouver Island. It was the war years and two construction companies were building an airport. To get there we had to take the boat from Vancouver to Port Hardy and then transfer to a small boat for the one hour trip to Fort Rupert. Two of us, Kate Motherwell and myself, were employed by one of the construction companies in a first aid station. We had an understanding with the armed forces who had small units posted there that if their men needed minor medical attention we would provide it and in return when their medical doctor came in to check we would get his advice.

One day Kate and I were very grateful for this arrangement. The frequent change of working crew had taken place when the boat from Vancouver landed at Port Hardy. One of the new arrivals came to the first aid station with an infected arm- a red streak running from his wrist to his armpit. Fortunately the airforce doctor was in camp that day. He said, "He has been streamlining," which had to be explained to me that he had been injecting drugs into his vein. The doctor had him sent right back to Vancouver.

One night I had to go to Alert Bay with a patient who was very ill. The air force had a fish packing boat which they commandeered. Alert Bay had the closest hospital. We hit a rip tide, that is two tides coming

together. I am not a very good sailor and was almost sicker than my patient. We finally got into Alert Bay about four in the morning. We picked up a couple of air force men who had been hospitalized with the flu and brought them back to our first aid hospital to convalesce.

The road to Port Hardy was finally finished and the airfield was nearing completion so our help was no longer needed. I then came home to Grand Forks in September 1943. My mother was quite crippled with arthritis and my father had developed diabetes and eventually had to have both legs amputated above the knee so I was quite occupied at home. However, I did help at the local hospital when they needed an extra hand.

Dr. Kingston was having a difficult time staffing the local hospital, but finally arranged to have the Japanese staff , consisting of an R.N. and practical nurses, from a hospital in New Denver which was closing down, brought to Grand Forks. This Japanese Registered Nurse had been evacuated from Fort Simpson and then left Grand Forks in October 1945. Yoshida Kuazara wrote from the Dept.of Labour. "After we left Slocan we were in a former prisoner of war camp for about a month and then came here. We are about 11 miles from St.Thomas and do get into town. There are about 200 Japanese in camp at present. One or two families go out from time to time for permanent placement. I understand all Japanese hotels are to be closed. There are many who are difficult to place, those with small children. We will be here until April. We have not decided where we will go. We are eyeing Toronto. I would like to make a fresh start."

"This evacuation business has its good points. We are seeing people from B.C. whom we never expected to see. Earlier we met Mrs. Jarvis of Lamont who was superintendent of nurses when I was in training." Written in 1947, I thought the attitude was so good when you realize they were evacuated.

Dr. Kingston was retiring and sold the hospital to the City of Grand Forks. In March of 1946 the City took over the hospital. The hospital was closed for a few days while the new Hospital Board had to get staff, including kitchen and maintenance

I was called to help out when Mr. Fornelli had fallen off a train and badly smashed both legs. He had lost a lot of blood and by the time they got him down here he was a surgical risk. Dr. Truax had to amputate one leg, but he didn't put him on the operating table because his condition was so poor. He had him on the bed.

Another time Dr. Truax had an emergency and asked me to set up for surgery. That sterilizer, like a glorified pressure cooker, would blow off if the temperature got too high. Anyway we did the surgery in the afternoon, but there was no staff for the night shift. Gerry Gowans, who had just come back from nursing overseas, had a patient at the Province Hotel. I contacted her and she brought her patient into the hospital for the evening shift. That was the way the old hospital started. It grew just like Topsy. Gerry Gowans was the first matron, now called Director of Nursing.

Before the Blueberry Paulson Highway was completed, a man and his son, about 14, started out to walk when they had car trouble. They got to where the bridge was and had to backtrack. The boy was getting tired so he was sent back to the car. The father got to Christina Lake at 2 a.m. exhausted and got help. Finally they started out from both directions and got to the car. The boy had fallen exhausted, almost in a coma. They brought him in and I never felt anything so cold in my life. Touching him was just like touching food in a freezer. Fortunately youth is very resilient and he was alright except for his feet. His father took him back to New Westminster. That next summer he came into the hospital to see the staff.

I know the hospital would not have kept running without the help of some of the local women, some of whom had trained at the old hospital when it was a training school. To mention a few: Iris Manson, Margaret Downey, Kay Cook and May Morrison. Some of the local girls were trained as nurses' aides at that time and are now Practical Nurses.

I was able to look after my father and still do the 4 to 12 shift for a number of years. I remember Shirley Kopan came in 1962 as the first lab technician. Before that time we didn't have a laboratory.

When I look back it certainly seemed a different world. The night shift used to stoke the furnace. There were no elevators to the second floor. That meant carrying some patients upstairs. We often had to depend on Dr. Jim Henniger who was big and strong to do this. The maternity was also upstairs. One nurse and one nurses' aide covered the whole hospital. The meal trays were pulled up by a pulley in a lift outside the kitchen door.

Sometimes we would get an emergency call, but we couldn't leave the patient. We would pick up the phone and tell Vera Mills or Evelyn Williamson to get a doctor. They would phone around until they located one.

Then another night I was at the kitchen stove and something happened to the stove. I felt it had exploded. The hot water pipe into the stove which was a sawdust burner had burst. Water started to pour out all over the kitchen floor. The next thing I looked at the basement with all those pipes. I didn't know where to turn it off. By the time I was able to get someone to come water was pouring into the corridor and down the kitchen steps. The men thought they could go home when they got it shut off. I said, "No way. I have to look after the patients".

Because of my father's health, I nursed only when needed. I went down to Shaughnessy Hospital and nursed him when he had his legs amputated at the knee because of gangrene. In 1950 I went back to the hospital and a few years later became matron.

Times were changing and the Board decided we needed a new hospital. I was sent to Castlegar, Creston and Nelson to get suggestions of what we needed. I also went to Maple Ridge and Lion's Gate although they were much bigger. Finally the dreams of a new hospital became a reality and the official opening was in August 1963, but the actual transfer of patients did not take place until October 1963. The old hospital (the present site of the Overwaitea) was torn down in 1964.

On Sunday (we were to move on Wednesday) I went up to run the autoclave because I had to teach the staff working in the Central Supply Room. It wasn't registering correctly and that upset me. The autoclave was essential for sterilizing all our operating and case room supplies. I explained the problem to Klaus Scheer, the administrator, and told him we were not going to open until the autoclave was working. Vancouver General had to close some of its operating rooms because of staph infection and I was not going to introduce staph into our hospital. After phoning I managed to get the men in Vancouver who had installed it. They came up the next day and repaired it.

We needed a nurse's residence because at that time it was very difficult to get staff in some places. Today it is not being used as a nurses' residence, but at that time it was always difficult getting help into a small place. Sometimes I would open up in the morning and wonder how I could face the day, because we didn't have staff.

I got a new title, "Director of Nursing" instead of "Matron". I held that position until January 1968 when I retired.

Editor's Note:

Helen Campbell, at the age of 92, lives in an apartment in Grand Forks and continues her keen interest in community affairs. Her many stories of nursing experiences always delight her listeners.

17
The Huffman Family: Pioneer Merchant
by Isabel Martin

My grandfather, John Edward Huffman, was born in 1841 in the township of Sheffield, Ontario. He was a carpenter and a farmer. He married Lucinda Armstrong who lived a few miles west of Tamworth. After their first child, Alice, was born they moved to Petrolia. There were four children born there, my father, William Francis, Janet, Louella and Colin. Janet married James Jamieson and lived in Edmonton. I lived with them for a year and attended business college there.

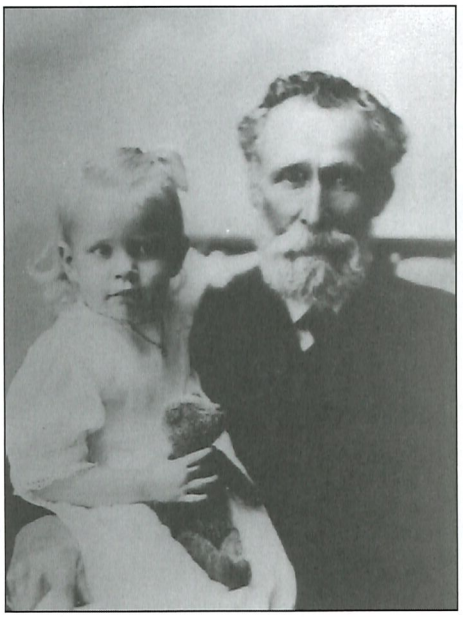
My Aunt Louella followed my father, Bill Huffman, to Grand Forks about 1905 and set up millinery shops in Phoenix and in Grand Forks. She married Thomas Walker, a CPR engineer on the Kettle Valley line and they had one son, James Thomas. He worked as a mining engineer and served in the navy. He had four sons.

My father, William, was born in Petrolia in 1875 and came west about the turn of the century. He worked in Fernie for a short time and then moved to Grand Forks where he bought a small farm just east of town. He worked in McLeod and Hodgson's store in Grand Forks as well.

My grandfather, John, also came to Grand Forks and built a house for his wife, Lucinda, and his daughter, Louella. My grandfather managed the farm. I can remember him well - riding with him in a horse and buggy, a horse and cutter in winter, and helping him make sauerkraut.

My mother, Louise Henrietta Chalmers, was born in Granby, Quebec, into a family of eight children, but was brought up by an aunt and uncle. She entered McGill University at Montreal. She and two others were among the first women to graduate from McGill.

My mother and her brother, Wallace Chalmers, came to Grand Forks about 1905, he to work in the smelter, she to be a school teacher. She married my dad in 1908. My brother, Wallace Fraser, was born in 1909. I, Rachel Isabel came along in 1915. I was born on the farm. The attend-



John Huffman and Isabel, 1915
c. I. Martin

ing physician was an old friend of Mother's from McGill, Dr. Truax, a real horse and buggy doctor.

We lived on the farm another ten years. It was not an easy life for folks then. The house was small, with no plumbing, wood and coal stoves. The water was from a pump in the yard. We had two horses and two or three cows, pigs, turkeys and chickens on 15 acres. My father continued to work in the store selling groceries and dry goods, and eventually bought into the business. We moved to town in 1925 into a rented house for two or three years and then bought one of the fine old homes in Grand Forks. My grandfather died in 1926, my grandmother in 1936.

My father worked hard, but he had other interests as well. He and three friends built a hunting and fishing cabin thirty miles up the Granby River at the foot of Bunch Grass Hill. They had a wonderful time there hunting and fishing. The door of the cabin was left unlocked for any passing trapper or prospector. He always had a mining claim going, but never struck it rich. His old gold pan is still around someplace. He was active in the Masonic Lodge and Oddfellows, and was on the Board of Trade and also on City Council at one time.

North Fork Hunting Cabin *c. L. McDonald*

My mother kept busy too. She was president of the United Church Ladies, active in the Eastern Star Lodge, and in 1925 was on the Grand Forks School Board, one of the early women to be elected to the Board. Not only was she elected, but she topped the polls in that election.[1]

My brother graduated from high school and went to work immediately at age seventeen for the CPR in the roundhouse. This was the depth of the depression. Sometimes he worked and sometimes he didn't if he got "bumped". He spent most of his working years at Revelstoke, and is written up in the archives in Victoria as one of the old time engineers. He married Elizabeth Hey nee Curtis. They had a family of four. There were two other children from Elizabeth's former marriage.

The dream of Grand Forks girls was to get a job in Trail where the smelter was booming and there were jobs, but I was only on a list. Times were still pretty tough, but I worked in my father's store and then in the local drug store.

I always loved sports - basketball, tennis, badminton, swimming and curling. I met my husband, Donald Gordon Martin, playing tennis. He came to Grand Forks to work in the Royal Bank. After eight years in the bank he made only $65.00 a month. Then he had a chance to go to Ocean Falls at $95.00 a month as cashier. After a year I was able to get a

Louise Chalmers *c. L. Marlin*

job up there too, in the drug store. After working a year we returned to Grand Forks in 1940 to be married, honeymooned at the San Francisco World Fair, then returned to Ocean Falls. My husband, Gordon, worked for paper mills in Winnipeg, Vancouver and Campbell River and we are now retired in West Vancouver.

Back to Grand Forks. I was nine years old when my father came home to say, "Jack McKie was killed today!" Mr. McKie was Conservative M.L.A. at that time (October 29, 1924). Nine people were killed on a passenger train that day by a bomb. It happened on the CPR at Farron. Many believe the target of the bomb was Peter "the Lordly" Verigin, leader of the Doukhobors, who emigrated from Russia to retain their non-violent religion.

About 1942 my father and three friends made an investment, They bought 50 acres of land at Texas Point on Christina Lake, twenty miles

William Huffman *c. L. Marlin*

from Grand Forks. They each kept a lot and then sold lots on the lake until they came to Texas Creek. They sold the remainder to my cousin, Tom Walker and his partner, Jim Lorimer, no doubt a good investment as most of the desirable land at Christina Lake is occupied.

Bill Huffman died in February, 1946 and his wife, Louise, in December, 1946.

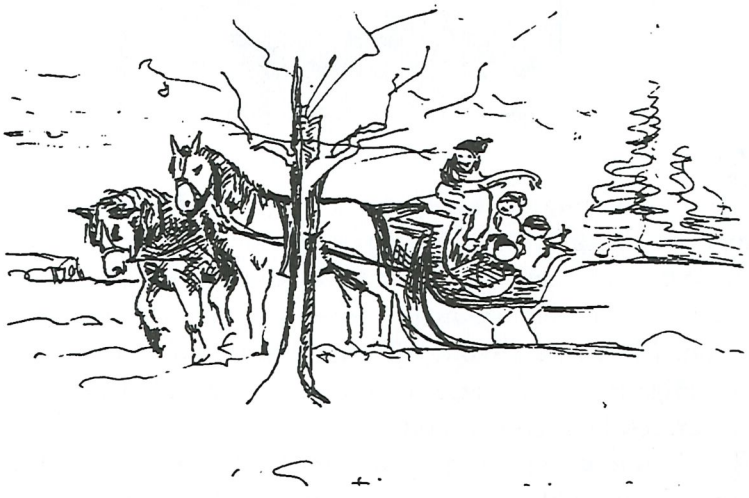
1. Other women who had previously served on the School Board were Mrs. Henniger and Mrs. Cooper in 1917 and Mrs. Kingston in 1920

When Bill Huffman worked at McLeod & Hodgson's grocery and dry goods store, a City by-law called for a half-day holiday each week on Wednesday afternoon. Stores remained open late on Saturday evenings. Shortly after noon, during the summer months, Bill would arrive at the head of Smelter Lake where he would put his boat in

the still, deep waters of the North Fork, waiting for the large rainbow trout lurking in those waters.

In the days of McLeod & Hodgson's Grocery Store, the customer would bring the list of groceries in to the clerk, Bill Huffman, Bill Pearson or Leo Mills and one of them would collect the groceries on the counter. An itemized counter slip would be made out and a copy given to the customer. Most were charge accounts and a statement would be mailed to the customer the first of each month. Generally, upon payment of the account, one could expect a bag of candy for the "kids". I remember well such favors.

J. Glanville



Sometimes a sleigh ride by Joyce Flanagan

18
Anna The Plumber
By Bonita Folvik

Anna in 1947 *c. A. Higashi*

Anna Fujimura was born February 4th, 1929 to Tome and Taichiro Fujimura in Woodfibre, B.C. Anna was evacuated from Woodfibre to Kaslo in 1942 and then came to Greenwood in 1945. Anna worked as a nurse's aide to Dr. Kamitakahara. Anna married Masakazu Higashi in 1947. Dode MacLean's 1946 tan Plymouth transported the happy couple to Tickie Higashi's for a merry reception. The couple had four children all of whom reside in Greenwood.

When Mas took over "Higashi & Sons Plumbing", the fieldwork transition went over without a hitch but the bookkeeping was a different story. After Mas was contacted by the " powers that be" he packaged every bill, receipt, and paper pertaining to his business in a shoe box and shipped it off to Victoria. They sent it right back stating that they could see his income tax was not quite ready. Enter our Anna — She says "it's a good thing that I took commerce from grades 9 to 11 in high school and

Anna and sawdust burner *c. A. Higashi*

then attended the Sisters Sacred Heart convent school in Greenwood for bookkeeping".

She not only worked in the office and store but eagerly made her plumbing debut in 1948. While on a service call to Herb and Sandra Latrielle's household, an unwell Mas remarked that " it took quite a while to find someone skinny enough and smart enough to do this business". Anna was under the house in a crawl space at the time. Higashi & Son had contracted to Inland Gas and did installations for residential only. This diminutive professional lady from Greenwood was featured in an Inland Gas publication as the only woman to hold a gas fitter's certificate in B.C. She received her gas fitter's certificate, passing the exam with flying colours in 1973 and within a week her license arrived from Victoria.

Although deeply saddened by her husband's death in 1973, this courageous and capable lady assumed full responsibility for Higashi & Sons.

M. Burke of Trade News asked Anna if frantic dripping tap and clogged drain customers were shocked when a female plumber arrived on the scene instead of the usually anticipated male, Anna quipped, "No , most of them tease me about that lady on T.V.—Josephine" (1975 T.V. Commercial). Everyone in Greenwood knew Anna the Plumber, and she even had the occasional man come for professional advice. She laughs, remembering the look of astonishment that came over their previously doubtful faces after their plumbing dilemma was eliminated.

Anna Higashi has blessed Greenwood with honest, reliable and professional service from 1947 to 1983. She still retains her plumber's license as well. Anna told us yesterday, January 19th, 1995 that she has just renewed her Gas Fitter's license.

In writing of Anna's skills, mention must be made of her innate mothering instinct and strong family ties. She and Mas shared the protecting, providing, caregiving and nurturing "50-50", but when he died before their two youngest children were educated the task fell to her alone. Anna accepted this undauntingly and worked 12-16 hour days plumbing and waitressing. This mother never wanted her son to "feel poor" when away at school. The load finally began to take its toll and without her partner to share the weight of it, she started to break. On Dr. Vallis's advice Anna began to go a little easier on herself. She needed to learn to release emotions and not be so accepting of everything that was said, done, or expected of her. She remarked firmly, the words softened by her smile, "O.K! Look out now cuz this isn't the same old Anna!" Unique! Original! One of a kind! Greenwood proudly holds Anna Higashi up as an example and tribute to all, for her family values, community spirit, determination, and intestinal fortitude.

1. Trade News Vol. 4 April- June 1975.
2. Nelson Daily News March 30th, 1976.

19
Cameron Lake To Westbridge 1910:
Diary of Arthur M. Fraser R.N.

Arthur M. Fraser R.N., of Nova Scotia, was working as a nurse and first aid man at a railroad hospital at Cameron Lake, B.C. early in December 1910. Later in that month he wrote down some notes of the journey he made from Cameron Lake, Vancouver Island to Westbridge (in the Boundary).

To quote from his diary:

Well things went on fine. Monday had rolled around and Dr. McArthur thought he would go to Alberni on business and I sent with him some cards which he kindly brought. But my joy ended when he returned in the evening saying he had got a telegram from his senior partner, Dr. Ker, then in Vancouver, stating I was to leave in the morning for Vancouver and take Mr. Marks, the man with the broken leg, with me. Well I wasn't a bit pleased but what's the difference if a fellow is pleased or not he must do what he is told and put up with it (and a man with a broken leg had to be handled like a baby). So we put the leg in plaster of paris that night and when I myself was ready for travelling it was well after midnight. Well I wasn't in bed very long before I heard the cook getting around and before long I felt him nudging me. "What's the matter, Sing?" said I. "Eh, eh, bekfas ridy now boss - 6 o'clock" We had told him to give us a call at sharp six in order to get ready to catch the stage at Cameron Lake. This was Tuesday, December 6th.

Well we started for the stage which was a quarter mile from the hospital. I carried him that distance and he was no light man, either. However, I made it O.K. In a short time the stage came along. It was raining as usual and plenty of mud flying around as we descended the steep hills with the four horse rig. We reached Cameron just in time to catch the train for Wellington. I quickly grabbed my invalid and boarded the

Graduation photo of Art Fraser *c. A. Fraser*

train with him on my back and then got our baggage and the train pulled out for North Wellington. I wasn't sorry - still knew I had lots of changes to make before I would get him to V.G.H. in Vancouver. Well we lit our pipes and were enjoying the trip - well I'll say a little better than on the stage. We reached North Wellington about 3:30 p.m. and we had to wait there an hour for the train to Nanaimo and there was no waiting room - only a lunch room, and before I could get my patient off the train it was filled to the door. However a fellow was kind enough to help me. I said to what looked like a R.R. official "Must I keep this man out in the rain? Is there nowhere I can put him until the train comes in?" Of course he was like most all those fellows you see around those drop stations - didn't know. Well I got mad about that time, so I bundled him on my back and packed him right into the lunch room. "Excuse me" I said "Could you let

me have room for this man" (of course I said it to all, not individually, I can assure you). The seats were taken up with baggage as much as passengers so I threw a suitcase on the floor and seated him and after having a cup of coffee, also giving my patient what he wanted, the train was ready for Nanaimo - which was only five miles away. So I again packed him aboard and we started and in about twenty minutes we were at Nanaimo. I quickly rushed out to the cab stand and engaged him to take us to the Windsor Hotel and a fellow gave me a lift and before five minutes we were in it. I ordered supper for myself and of course my patient and he said it would not be ready until 6 p.m. So we decided to take things easy for a while - which we did. He asked me for a whisky which I got for him for a stimulant as much as anything.

After dinner I went down to the dock to see if the steamboat was in. She was, so I secured a berth for both of us in one room and returned to the hotel for my invalid. So again putting him on my back I endeavored to carry him to the boat which was a few hundred yards from the hotel. The people looked as though it was a dead man I was carrying. I reached the boat and secured him in his bunk comfortably and went up town and got another stimulant for him as he looked faint and weak. I also turned in for the night. When I woke we were in Vancouver. It was nearly 10:00 a.m. Wednesday December 7, 1910. I quickly got him ready and in that time the passengers were getting ready to leave so I told him to keep quiet until I came back. So I rushed ahead of the crowd and securing a cab returned for my patient which I had to pack again. A big fellow there told me he would take him off the boat for me so I thanked him for his kindness but he knew no more about handling him than he did about getting to heaven without dying. When I had him in the cab he was behind me with my baggage which he picked up when I dropped them to relieve him of his awkward burden. He said "I think you are used to handling those cripples" and the people looked on with amazement. "Drive me to the Vancouver General Hospital please" I said to the cabbie. "Alright" he replied. We arrived at the hospital at 11 o'clock and getting my man out of the carriage on a stretcher or invalid's chair we pushed him along inside the door - I telling the cab man to wait until I came back. The first man I saw was Dr. Ker who welcomed me and said he was here to attend an operation and told me to meet him at his office at 2:30 p.m. I bade my patient goodbye - I have not seen him since. Well I got in the cab and told

him to drive to 542 Barnard St. where I generally stop in that city. On arriving I found a number of letters and papers that had collected during my few days absence. Of course I didn't attempt to read them just then as I had to get my things ready for travelling again as I had learned I was to go right off to a place called Midway, B.C.

After having dinner I dressed up a bit and went down town and as it was a little before 2:30 I dropped into the Astor Hotel and started reading my letters. After going over them roughly I looked at my watch and as it was 2:25 o'clock I started for Dr. Ker's office which I reached on time for my appointment. "Well, Fraser" giving me his hand "You are to go to Westbridge to take charge of a hospital there. I was down there last week and gave the job over to Dr. MacLean of Greenwood and promised to send you to take charge of the hospital which is thirty miles from his office. Will you go?" he asked. I, of course, responded by saying I am satisfied to try it. "Well if you get tired of it I will give you another job. Well, now I will describe the route you will take to get there. You will go by the Great Northern, buy a ticket to Midway; change trains at Everett, Washington, for Spokane and change at Spokane for Midway.

Trains leave tomorrow (Thursday) at 4 p.m. You arrive at Midway at 5 p.m. the next day. At Midway go to Crowell Hotel and phone Dr. MacLean at Greenwood. He will tell you what to do". After asking him a few questions I bade him goodbye and he, wishing me every success and telling me to write him later on and he would have something for me with more pay, shook hands and left. I didn't have very much to do then as my train did not come until the next afternoon so I thought I would go around and see the sights so I soon found myself in the Empress Theatre.

Well the train pulled out of the depot at 4 p.m. sharp Thursday, December 8th 1910 for Midway. We arrived at Everett at 8, but before we got there there was a bit of excitement at South Bellingham. As we pulled in there I saw a policeman quickly jumping on the train. His eyes were going like a windmill. Presently I heard a shot. Of course nobody paid any attention to that as it seemed to be common down that way but my curiosity drew me to the entrance of the car and I saw the policemen with a man. As far as I could hear there was a band of robbers near there and tried to get away by shooting. In fact the rest did except the one in the officer's clutches.

Changing trains at Everett we proceeded to Spokane, arriving there 7:30 the next morning. We did not stop very long before our train to

Midway pulled out. We arrived at Midway at 5:30 Friday December 9, 1910 and as I was directed I went to Crowell's Hotel where I was pleased to find a phone. I opened the door and among the crowd I found the proprietor. "Can I use your phone?" "Oh yes" he quickly responded. "Would you mind finding Dr. MacLean of Greenwood for me?" "Hello, is that Dr. MacLean" "Yes" "This is Fraser speaking." "Oh is that you Mr. Fraser - say has the coach started yet?" "No" I answered (as I had told him to wait until I telephoned as I might go along with him) "Well, jump on the stage and come up; anyone will show you where my office is." "Alright" said I and rang off and paying for the use of the phone proceeded to the stage.

I had only a raincoat with me and before I was one mile on the road I was beginning to think I was in the Klondike as I was coming from a warm climate and not used to such cold weather and the further we got up the mountain the colder it was. "Are you cold?" asked the driver. "Well I should smile I AM" "Well here, take this coat" It was a pleasant surprise when he handed me a fur coat. I could say a lot about the drive of ten miles up the mountain. However we reached Greenwood at 8 p.m. Friday night. The first thing I did was to get something to eat. After that I went as directed to Dr. MacLean's office and his assistant Dr. Robertson, after shaking hands bade me be seated and in the course of about fifteen minutes I was ready for the hospital at Westbridge as on examining me he found I was suitable for the undertaking. "Well, how am I to get you there?" he asked. "Well search me, I am a perfect stranger" "Oh yes" said Dr. Robertson. "Ring up and see if Alek Broomfield is in town." - which he did as Dr. MacLean ordered him and found he was in town and would not be going until the next morning. "Well there's your chance; he is going right through to Westbridge as he runs a hotel there. You will see him at about 8 in the morning - Did you have your supper?" "Yes" said I, thanking him. "Where are you going to stop tonight?" "Well" said I "I had supper at the Pacific Hotel and I guess I can get a bed there also." We parted, him and Dr. Robertson wishing me all kinds of success and I left with the intention of stopping at the Pacific. On arriving there I found they were filled up and told me to try the Windsor next door. I tried but it was filled up too and the clerk told me to go down a few doors and try the National where I succeeded in getting a room O.K. Of course pay in advance is all the go up this way and I gave him fifty cents (four bits as they call it up here) "Do you wish to go to your room now?" "No thanks" I said "I wish to write a letter" and he quickly got me some writing mate-

rial and I started my letter, which I finished at Rock Creek next day. After being quietly seated a bunch of ladies came in which didn't look good to me and I gave them a rotten contemptible glance (for a wonder) but I always have a dread of familiarity at first sight and after an hour I asked to be shown to my room. I noticed the key was on the outside, which, after the bellboy went back, I removed and locked myself in as the whole place didn't look good to me. I didn't sleep much as there were people running around that den all night and what was I to do but grin and bear it as it was seemingly the only place I could get shelter. However, after wearing the night in somehow I noticed it was getting daylight and I wasn't sorry either I can assure you. Well I got up. The water for washing was frozen and I was nearly the same. It was what you call a cold room. I didn't stop any longer than possible. I got down into the dining room and I got a cup of hot coffee first, then my breakfast. I won't tell you about that as it was the limit. After it was over I went to see if my man was ready to take me through to Westbridge, a distance of 30 miles from Greenwood. He was all ready and we started. I almost perished before we got to Midway. I had to go to the R. R. Depot and get my trunk and suitcase and before I left I opened it and got on some more clothes as I am sure I would have frozen. (You see a fellow coming from a warm country into a cold and not used to driving in an open rig will naturally get cold, although it wasn't to say cold.) Well we left Midway for Rock Creek at about 11 a.m. arriving at Rock Creek at 2:30 p.m. and stopping for dinner which I enjoyed much more than I did my breakfast. After hanging around there a while I finished and posted my letter and we started for Westbridge at 4 p.m. It was then beginning to get dark and of course that much slower driving. It took us three hours to get to Westbridge, a distance of ten miles. Of course I didn't do anything any more that day outside of getting my supper and going to bed as I was good and tired.

After working at the Westbridge hospital, Fraser also worked on the Kettle Valley railroad between Merritt and Princeton. Later he worked with C.P.R. doctors on the Bassano dam and irrigation project in Alberta. There he married an Ontario school teacher. In 1914 he bought property in the lower Nicola Valley near a flourishing sawmill. They started a little general store but when the depression hit in the thirties he changed trade again to ranching on land he had earlier bought. They survived the depression but he was stricken with cancer in 1940 and died in 1953.

Submitted by his daughter, Alberta Fraser, of Merritt, B.C.

20
A True Gold Nugget - Mildred Roylance
by Phyllis Waddington

The daughter of pioneers, Mildred Roylance has proved to be a pioneer of her own type over the years. She spent 33 years in the Post Office in Greenwood, and retired there in 1973, after completing the final 15 years as Postmaster.

She was born in Deadwood in 1908. Her father, Dan McLaren, and Scott McRae established a mining townsite on 100 acres of the 640 acres of land there they had taken up earlier. "It looked as if that was going to be the big town for the Motherlode (mine) because in those days people had to live where they worked."

Vivid in her memory was Mr. McRae's big log cabin and the stuffed specimens she had seen there. "There's a picture of it in the (Greenwood) museum." She recalls he had supported himself on his taxidermy, while he prospected the area and helped the mining engineers.

As a girl, while out looking after cattle she remembers a problem that the mining activities deep underground had left - dangerous traps for the unwary. "I'd have to be careful ...we'd have a big cave-in."

Greenwood was a bustling city of about three thousand. It had many hotels, an opera-house, a school, a hospital, and a vital existence. Things changed after World War 1. Mining activities came almost to a halt because of strikes and low copper prices. The smelter at Greenwood shut down. Times were tough for farmers and almost everyone else.

Her two brothers, Colin and Gordon, went to Iowa to study chiropractic medicine. In 1926, she married Jack Roylance and they had two children, Jean and Ronald (She proudly talks now of her six grandchildren and eight great grandchildren, detailing all their accomplishments and the fun when they all gather at the family summer cabin at Jewel Lake.)

In 1941, the postmaster needed help, and asked Mildred to fill in at the post office. By 1942, she was working full time there, and the family built a house nearby. During the war, the relocated Japanese arrived in

Mildred Roylance *c. M. Roylance*

Greenwood, and Mildred's postal duties increased in complexity.

For the next 31 years before her retirement, she became increasingly responsible for her own and other area post offices. By 1958. she was the postmaster, and advised and supervised her own and seven other ones in the area, Midway, Rock Creek, Kettle Valley, Carmi, Bridesville, Westbridge, and Beaverdell.

Throughout Mildred's life, the years have been interlaced with a serious commitment to the Women's Institutes (W.I.) as well. It is this last facet of Mildred's life that brought her national and international involvement. Their motto, "For Home and Country," reveals the scope of their interests.

It is obvious that Mildred is a learner and a doer, so the active pursuit of W.I. goals has intrigued her from the start as a Greenwood chapter member. Taking on more responsibility over the years, Mildred became President of the West Kootenay District. Later, Greenwood joined the newly established Kettle River district, containing five or six W.I. chapters. In any event, Mildred advanced until she became Vice President of the B.C. Provincial Women's Institutes, and from 1956-58 served as President of that body, helping to produce the popular B.C. Centennial W.I. Cookbook during her term. As President, she also served as the B.C. representative to the Federated Women's Institutes of Canada (FWIC,) the umbrella national organization which began in 1919.

1958 was a big year for Mildred, both in the Post Office and in the W.I. She was made Postmaster during that time, in charge of supervising

seven smaller Post Offices as well, and also was asked to be President of the FWIC. She spoke with her supervisors, provincially and nationally, who encouraged her to accept, saying, "We like our postmasters to take an active part in volunteer activities of this kind. It is good for the Post Office and for everybody. We'll help you."

Mildred at a conference
c. M. Roylance

They did, and she went on to log 65,000 travel miles as she served as the last two-year President of the FWIC. "Our national office is in Ottawa, and that meant a lot of travelling and a lot of writing. However I was home most of the time." She was busy making quick trips to their Ottawa office, and also "preparing the program" and spearheading their Second National Convention which was held at the University of British Columbia in 1961. In addition, she tried to make visits to every provincial organization and communicate with other national organizations on mutual concerns. "I got to know all of Canada in that respect... wonderful experience!"

While she was President, the FWIC expanded their activities in the Yukon and into the Northwest Territories, offering help to emerging chapters there. They also were asked to send a delegate to the White House Conference on Children and Youth in the United States, seeking answers to common problems. As well, they acquired the Adelaide Hoodless (W.I. founder) home as a National Historic Site, and assisted in an adult education program in the West Indies. Realizing there needed to be more time to complete FWIC presidential duties, she worked with the committee on revising the constitution and the organization since has elected officers on a three-year basis.

Also during her years as FWIC President, Mildred officially represented Canada at the 1960 International Convention of the Associated Country Women of the World (ACWW) held in Edinburgh, Scotland. Her Post Office duties did not allow her to take part in an associated group tour of the continent at that time, but many others were able to see the efforts of ACWW members in many countries.

It was that kind of work in other countries, that Mildred was finally able to observe a bit, when in 1962 she was asked to be "tour conductor" for the 26-member Canadian delegation to the 1962 International ACWW Convention in Melbourne, Australia. After 20 years in the Post Office, "Lucky for me, I had a 5-week holiday coming, so that made it possible for me to go." On the way, they were able to stop over in Japan, "beautiful and so nicely kept," for seven days to enjoy the hospitality of some Japanese women who had been at the Edinburgh Convention and see their efforts at training country girls in more modern methods."And of course, knowing Japanese here (in Greenwood) made it more interesting than ever."

Along the way, living in Greenwood, she has found time to develop many hobbies. Her accomplishments beyond the family, Post Office, and Women's Institute include: being past president, secretary, and life member, as well as helping with the publications for the Boundary Historical Society; rockhounding; and Museum; jewelry-making, fine-china painting; art; and the Greenwood Seniors group, where she is presently painting with others on a mural for the building.

Her voice softens when talking about her love affair with rocks, scouting the hills and finding specimens of jasper, rhodonite or agates, sorting, cutting, and polishing them, and creating jewelry, like the lovely silver brooch nestled at her throat. She has a special rockshop downstairs and when a friend saw its abundance, he commented, "you'll have to live to be a thousand." Mildred replied, "I know - and I don't look forward to that." Her energy and soft humour pulled me along on her remembered trips and activities throughout the interview.

Mildred Roylance's philosophy about her busy life? "If you're in an organization in a small town, you have to be prepared to do your share." It seems as though she's done her share, and then some.

21

Marshall Lake - What's in a Name?

by Alice Glanville

The Boundary Historical Society is on record as being in favor of retention of local historical names. A letter from the B.C. Geographical Names Office also states, "British Columbia's naming policy ensures that priority is given to names with long-standing local usage by the general public."

With the above policies in mind, the Boundary Historical Society requested that the name, "Marshall Lake" be retained rather than "Providence Lake" which appeared on a 1923 map. According to our records Marshall Lake has a long-standing usage. A quote from the Phoenix Pioneer, March 12, 1904, states, "Marshall and Shea of the Brooklyn and Summit Hotels, this week put up thirty tons of Marshall Lake ice, the goods being stored in the basement of the Brooklyn". Presently the name, "Marshall Lake" is still common usage.

The Brooklyn Hotel

Interior of Brooklyn Hotel

James Marshall for whom the Lake was named, was a prominent hotel owner, mining man and an active community person. Born in Dalkeith, Scotland in 1864, he came to Victoria in 1882 and to the Slocan in 1890, locating several claims there. In 1895 Marshall came to the Boundary country and located the Banner claim adjoining the Old Ironsides and also had other claims which were sold to the Granby Company.

When Phoenix was incorporated in 1900 James Marshall was one of the first aldermen elected and served on council for many years. His last term was from 1912-1914. He was actively involved in the hotel business - Bellevue Hotel, Summit Hotel, Aetna Hotel, but it is the Brooklyn Hotel with which his name is best known. He was also associated with the Strathcona Hotel in Nelson.

When this first Brooklyn Hotel with which he was associated was destroyed by fire, he built the new Brooklyn Hotel in 1905 and operated it until 1918 when it was closed. James Marshall then moved to Vancouver where he operated the Marshall Rooms from 1918 to 1936. He died in 1945 in Vancouver. James Marshall was involved with the development of Phoenix since its beginning in 1895 to 1918, practically until its demise.

Marshall Lake has now been confirmed as the official name. Boundary Historical Society has also been informed that the bridge at Rock Creek has been given its original name of Kettle River instead of Myncaster. We are assured that the Boundary Historical Society will be consulted about any contemplated name suggestion changes in the Boundary.

Thanks to Ron Greene for information re James Marshall.

22
Pioneers of Beaverdell
by Bill Warrington in 1958

To write of the history of a community one must go into the past and study the lives of the men who made possible the things we now take for granted. I often regret I did not write down some of the yarns and records as I heard them from the early pioneers. Unless I do so now to the best of my memory it may all be lost.

One of the most outstanding personalities was Edward G. Smith whom everyone referred to as "Trapper". Born in 1860 in the county of Essex in England, he spent his early years in India. I first met him in 1924 and we became friends as we both come from Essex. He was not a big man physically, about 5ft. 6in., but he had much endurance. I can't say the exact year he came here but it must have been in the 1890's.

He told me he came from the mining camps of Idaho and followed the Kettle River by going along the side of the hills to keep above the bottom land. When he first saw the flat where Beaverdell is today it was like a large park with virgin stands of fine timber without the scrub trees we have now. There is proof of this when one looks at some of the stumps that still remain. There was an abundance of game; fish and huckleberries were plentiful. So I suppose about all the grub they packed in was flour, salt, and beans.

He took up land on the side of Wallace Mountain and the first cabin he built still stands, or it did when I saw it a few years back. To file on this land he had to go to Vernon which he did in February on snowshoes. There was nothing at Penticton at this time but the Ellis Ranch.

Apart from his main occupation of trapping he acted as postmaster, forest ranger and sent weather reports to Victoria for years for the large sum of about $10 per year. He started an orchard on the side of the hill where he grew some hardy apples, a large yellow apple, which he called Beaverdell Bananas, and several kinds of small fruit. He also had land on the flat and built the home that Joe Zitko now owns.

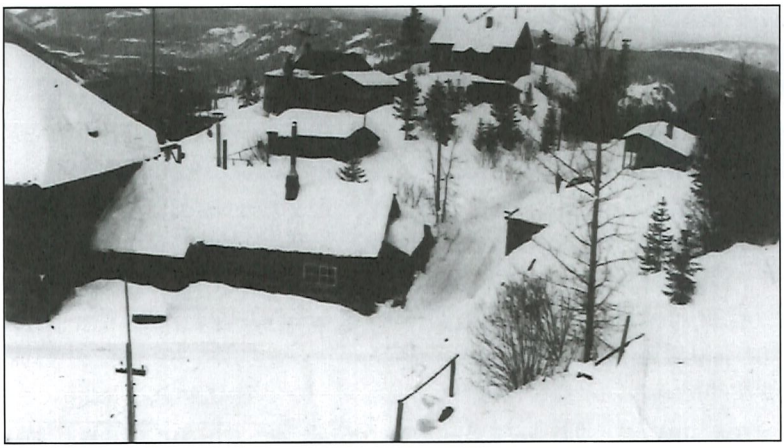
Donkey and ore car at Beaverdell, 1940 c.A. Wiebe

Truckload of miners, 1940 *c. A. Wiebe*

Beaverdell Mine 1990 *c. A. Glanville*

His trap line ran from Beaverdell to the base of Big White Mountain. I have known him to be out on his line from October till the end of December. He would be very indignant if anyone showed any concern for his safety when he came in. I never saw him bother about the cold and mostly wore a felt hat the year round. He was a man of deep religious conviction and a terrific sense of independence (a good many of the oldtimers had this too). It was his faith in God that kept him going, I'm sure. His independence was so strong that he steadfastly refused to take the Old Age pension for years after he was entitled to.

Although a trapper he was a conservationist. At his place on Arlington Lakes (Lake Vale) he started to raise beavers, with the permission of the Game Dept. in Victoria. To dam the outlet of the upper lake he raised the water level and soon had several families of beaver on the lake. An officious local fish warden did not approve and during the Trapper's absence he blasted



Houses at Sally Mine, 1940 *c. A. Wiebe*

the dam, lowered the water, and out went the beavers. Needless to say the old fellow was fighting mad, but soon after took his pension and went to work on a mineral claim above Lake Vale.

About this time his eyesight began to fail but he still kept on. He had the misfortune to set fire to his cabin at Lake Vale and narrowly escaped with his life. He lost everything he owned. He was offered help by friends and the Welfare Dept. Still reluctant to accept he went to live in Kelowna where he passed away soon after at the age of 94 years.

The Smiths were well represented here. Another well known personality was David Smith, always called "Scotty" for I'm sure he told me he came from Glasgow. He came in with a George Barnett about the same time Trapper did, as they were here alone for some time. Scotty had a claim south of Beaverdell and Barnett owned the "Revenge" which is the claim below the "Bell".

While Trapper, as I said, was very strict as regards his way of life and very careful of his conversation and was temperate, Scotty at times was definitely the reverse and was often on the receiving end of some practical jokes just to get his dander up. Actually he was fun to have around and the youngsters all liked him. The hotel was built by Smiths and was first called Smith Hotel.

Then we had Mark Smith who came from Dublin, Ireland. Mark was to own several claims and did very well with them. He was the original owner of the Carmi Hotel not Trapper Smith. Mark too went to live in

Kelowna and he and Trapper passed away within a few days of each other. Mark was the only one who got some return for his labors.

Eric Jackson is worthy of a few lines. He came from a well-to-do English family and was the son of a high Government official in Jamaica, British West Indies. He had received a good education and was almost a living encyclopedia and could, if asked, quote poetry as long as you would listen. He would often lecture to the school kiddies at the teacher's request. They would learn things of interest that they could not have learnt otherwise. He lived an almost hermit's existence in a small 2x4 cabin of Jack-Pine, but when he did come to town he was always well-groomed. He used to tell many a yarn of the old Camp McKinney days, of Phoenix, and of early Greenwood. I wish lots of times that I had written down these stories as told. I guess that now they are lost forever. He used to raise quite a nice garden and never came to the house without some herbs he was good at growing.

And so, I could go on and on. There was Pat Kennedy, Finlay McDonald, John Swanson, Bob Perry, Mr. Cummins (I forget his first name), Rambo, and many more. They enjoyed none of the comforts of life such as we have today. What cash they could get hold of went mostly for grub and powder for the claim. They did their drilling the hard way with hand steel and single and double jack.

A story could be woven around each one but I think I have given some slight idea of the type of men that started B.C. They are just like old soldiers, "They don't die, they just fade away".

23
Beaverdell History
by William (Bill) Warrington (1954)

The history of Beaverdell district goes back to the end of the last century as far as we can gather from the few remaining folk who have lived there during the last 40 years. It was opened up by prospectors, trappers, teamsters, etc.

Beaverdell was first called Rendall and still is on the Land map of the town site. The first settlement was about 2 miles north of Beaverdell and was called Beaverton. I have seen evidence that it was built around 1890 and used to consist of a large log building for dwelling use, also barns and stables. There used to be pictures taken from English magazines of the 1890's pasted on the walls but yellow with age, but that was 30 years ago. One old timer, Eric Jackson told me he had played many games of poker there.

As a mining camp it has been a steady producer of high grade silver lead ore since before the advent of the Kettle Valley Railway in 1915. It was one of the few mines to work throughout the depression years without a lay-off.

The Sally group has the record of being the first mine to ship ore from the Wallace Mountain mines before the railway was built. The mines are at the top of the mountain around 2500 feet above Beaverdell. The ore was brought down the trail on rawhide and stored in a shed at the foot of the hill. From there it was hauled by team and wagon to Midway and shipped via the Great Northern Railway out to Marcus, in Washington, U.S.A. Most of this was done by Mr. Baird Bubar who later developed a large tract of bottom land into a thriving cattle ranch which is still run by one of his daughters and her husband, Duncan Clapperton.

During its years of production the Sally was owned by a syndicate composed of mainly Penticton businessmen and managed by a superintendent, Mr. Ed Nordman. It ceased operation around 1940.

The Bell Mine, now included in a group called the Highland Bell Co., was staked by a prospector named Wallace from whom the mountain gets its name. He was grubstaked by Johnnie Bell who kept a store in the Boundary Falls district. Bell and Sons owned and worked the Highland Lass claim several years before it was taken over by the Highland Bell Co. John is well over 80 years of age and lives with a son at Rutland B.C. This mine has been a consistent producer for about 40 years under three different managements.

The first ore carload was shipped from the Bell Mine by a Bob Perry who was known as, and who liked to be called, "The Lone Canadian". The Bell Mine was then taken over by Duncan McIntosh and Oliver, of Greenwood. They made their first shipment around 1917, and it has never been out of ore since. In 1925 Mr. Henry Lee was the mining engineer until it was bought by a partner of McIntosh, a company under the management of R.B. Staples then of Kelowna. Mr. Lee continued serving as consulting engineer for some years until his untimely passing. During this period that he was with the company I was helping him to do some survey work for several days and we got to discussing the future of the mine and to quote him - "We might not live to see it Bill, but some day they will drive in at the foot of the hill and into a large body of ore". The mine was not below No. 4 level at that time. Present day operations have proved his predictions very true. Dr. Matt Hedley, now provincial Geologist was at one time engineer.

In 1941 about 1 million ounces of Silver ore was produced. The ore was handpicked in those days and sorted and graded down to run at about 250 ounces per ton. Some of this ore went over 500 ounces to the ton. The Highland Bell is at present (1954) the only mine shipping and employs about 50 men.

The Wellington Mine also produced some very rich ore during its working years. Bill Youngson who still resides in Beaverdell was at one time interested in the Wellington. Bill worked at the Bell in 1920. He runs the Beaverdell Hotel, taking it over from Mr. Pat Moran.

There are a few ranches in the district devoted mainly to hay and cattle raising. There is the Bubar ranch run by D. Clapperton also the Chas. Bubar ranch and one we used to call Dynes Flats which was first taken over 40 years ago by a Mr. Dynes and who later ran the Dynes Feed Store in Penticton. It was later run by Jim Harrison and Jeff Horner who ran a large flock of sheep. These sheep were later bought by a Penticton interest

and were driven over the Carmi-Penticton trail. Mr. Joe Gray now operates these two places. Mr. L. Davies runs a ranch, which was known as the Evans place, south of Beaverdell.

The Beaverdell Hotel dates back around 60 years. Ed Luttner, whose mother ran it many years, still lives in Beaverdell and I guess could tell much of the past history of the place.

There is the Hood Family still here. Del drives the school bus and the ore truck. He took the first mail to the train that carried the mail through here. Ed Hood, his father, drove stage from Carmi to Midway in 1914.

Several small sawmills and a planer mill have been successfully operated since the last war (1939/45).

The population has changed over the years from a single man's town to a family one. The first school was a shack and the pupils numbered 10. Started in 1925 it now has three teachers and three rooms.

Bill Warrington came to Beaverdell in 1924 and lived there until 1958. A Highland Bell miner for nearly thirty years, he died of silicousis in 1958 in Medicine Hat, Alberta

Miners at Beaverdell, (X)- Walter Clark, who had silicosis

24
The Nordmans
by Carol (Nordman) Hansell

Charles and Elsa Nordman with Carol, 1932,

My mother was Elsa Ohlson who came to Greenwood from Sweden in 1912 at the age of 12. Since she couldn't speak English she had to start school in Grade 1. However, she progressed to Grade 8 in the same year. Mother lived with her aunt and uncle, Anna and Martin Anderson, in Anaconda. Martin Anderson was the foreman of the construction of the smelter.

Mother's good friend (and later sister-in-law) was Lucile Smith whose parents, Anna & Lauren Smith, owned one or two grocery stores in Anaconda and/or Greenwood. In 1927 Mother married my father, Charles Nordman. They lived at the Sally mine on Wallace Mountain in Beaverdell. In 1928 Lucile Smith married Louis Nordman. they also lived at the Sally mine. Their daughter, Joan (Nordman) Adair now lives in Woodland Hills in California.

My grandfather, Edward Nordman, and his wife Amanda, came in 1893 from Vasa, Finland, to Ironwood, Michigan. They brought their 6 month old son Charles Edward Nordman who was born January 4th, 1893. From Ironwood they went to Moyie and later to Rossland and Nelson. During this time the balance of the family was born - Louis, Homer, Irene, and Esther.

My grandparents owned a house in Fairview, Nelson, from the late 1920's. Grandfather died in January 1931. Grandmother lived in Nelson until the early 1940's, moving later to live with her daughter, Esther Spencer, in Renton, Washington, and died about 1947.

Charles Nordman	married	Elsa Ohlson
Louis Nordman	married	Lucile Smith
Homer Nordman	married	Helen Bacce
Irene Nordman	married	Harold Clegg (of Rossland)
Esther Nordman	married	Charles Spencer

Father died in Vancouver January 10, 1942, of Silicosis and TB, the result of his mining work. His brother, Louis, died in April 1942 of the same condition. My mother, Elsa Nordman (later King) died in Sydney, Australia, February 10, 1974.

Mr. Paul Johnson was brought from Mexico to design the Greenwood smelter. He married Anna (Ohlson) Anderson's sister and they had two daughters, Elsa and Hilder. The Johnson family later returned to Sweden. Anna Anderson died about 1934; her husband Martin died in 1922. They had no children.

Before her marriage, Mother taught primary school in Greenwood, Phoenix, Prince Rupert, and Trail. In 1921 she returned to Sweden to visit her family. Martin Anderson having died, Mother came back to Greenwood to live with her Aunt Anna in 1922. She resumed teaching until her marriage in Greenwood in 1927 and moved to Beaverdell.

There were four families living at the Sally mine; the two Nordmans, the Elliots, and the McLanders. In 1939 my mother was instrumental in getting a school for the children at the mine. the old bunkhouse became the school for the ten children; Shirley, Barbara, & Kay Elliot, Joan Nordman, Carol Nordman, Roy Nelson and his sister Lois, Clayton Crowe, and Audrey Matson. Anne Kinley was the teacher. The grades were from 1 to grade 6. My parents left Beaverdell in June 1940. There remains little of the houses on Wallace Mountain today.

Early in 1926 the Federal Mining and Smelter Co. dropped the option on the Sally Group of Claims. Operations were carried on by Sally Mines Ltd., who completed purchase of the mine in 1932. Ed Nordman, my grandfather, was supervisor of the Sally Mine in the early years; R.H. Stewart was president and Engineer, Henry Lee the consulting engineer, H.B. Morely of Penticton was treasurer and manager, J. Hanna later was Superintendent.

Editors Note: Carol lives in Penant Hills, NS Wales, Australia

Wallace Mt. Students at Midway trackmeet
Front Row- Bob Cousins, Doris Nelson, Lois Cousins, Carol Nordman and Tony Houlind

25
Memoirs of Angus Davis - Mining Engineer

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The Northern Miner
Published 1948

The initial staking of claims in the Boundary Country was in 1891, a little later than when the LeRoi and other key claims were located in Rossland. They did not get railway facilities quite as soon however, as the Canadian Pacific Railway did not arrive at Grand Forks from the east until 1899, and at Greenwood a little later, with Midway, a few miles further on, the western terminus. At the time of all of the railway construction, a branch line was also constructed from Eholt, near Greenwood, on the main line, to tap Phoenix, at an elevation of around 4500 feet above sea level and the highest point in the whole country.

The Granby operation, and the largest one in the Boundary, will be first discussed and here, as in Rossland, the Americans were first in the field. J.P. Graves of Spokane, before the turn of the century, organized an amalgamation of all the principal claims around Phoenix, getting his principal backing from S.H.C. Miner of Granby, Quebec, and the Granby Consolidated Mining, Smelting and Power Company was formed. That is how the company got its name.

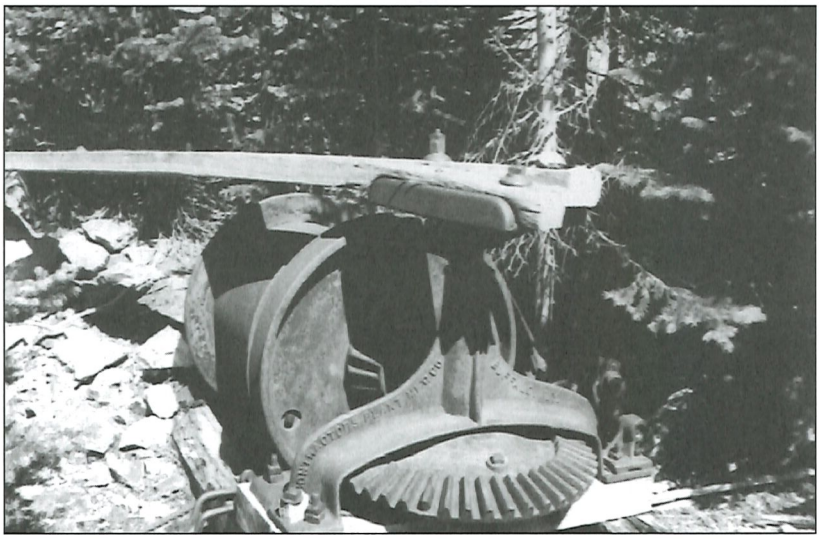
The Granby ore bodies, of contact metamorphic type, were flat and saucer like in form, lying along a jasperiod foot wall and varied in thickness up to 200 feet. Below these ore bodies is an igneous rock in which diamond drill holes, prospecting it for an additional 1500 feet in depth, found no signs of ore and there is obviously little chance of finding anything below them, Nevertheless this did not deter a company, formed for that purpose, from starting a long tunnel from a point near Greenwood, some 2000 feet lower in elevation than the Phoenix ore bodies, to tap their lower extension. And, from the look of the dump, at the mouth of this tunnel, it must have been driven around 2000 feet before being abandoned.

Trolley car, Berlin Mine, 1982 *c. A. Glanville*

The Grand Forks smelter, with a capacity of 4000 tons a day, built to treat the Granby ore, was located at Grand Forks, on the Kettle River about twenty-five miles distant from and half a mile lower in elevation than the mines at Phoenix. Blown in, in 1900, it operated continuously for nineteen years, closing down in 1919. The ore was low grade for those times, averaging around one per cent copper and two dollars in gold, but they got away with it very nicely and treated in all nearly 14,000,000 tons. Smelting costs were extremely low, exceeding all expectations along those lines, as the amount of lime in the ore made it practically self-fluxing, only the addition of coke being required and, during the entire nineteen years, the company paid dividends to the extent of around $12,000,000.

The late A.B.W. Hodges was the first general manager and a good one. At the mine they had a succession of superintendents, all no doubt highly capable, but the men who stand out in my memory in connection with the operation of the mine are Steve Swanson and his brother John, both at times, general foremen there; the former, in particular, had, in my opinion, quite a lot to do with the highly successful system of open stopes and pillars that was developed there.

The famous Jim Hill, Canadian-born president of the Great Northern Railway, with his road to Republic just south of the International Boundary line not far away, noticed all of this activity up in British



Hoist, Bonanza Mine, 1982 *c. A. Glanville*

Columbia and built another branch line from Grand Forks to Phoenix, hauling half the tonnage to the smelter. The story, apocryphal no doubt, is that the C.P.R. was getting seventy cents a ton at the start and refused the Granby request to cut it to fifty cents, the C.P.R. engineers supposedly telling their superiors that their own line blocked any practical way for another road to get in there. The story continues that the Granby then started negotiations with the Great Northern, eager for new business, with the final result that the C.P.R. eventually wound up handling only half of the tonnage at twenty-five cents a ton. And that is the story anyway. It would appear a poor move of Jim Hill's going in there at that, as he could not have possibly got his construction costs back by the time the mines shut down.

When the Grand Forks Smelter was officially opened, they had a big banquet at Grand Forks to celebrate the occasion and Mr. James Breen, manager of the Northport smelter and one of the ablest smelter men in the west, was asked to attend it as the principal speaker and guest of honour. Now, Mr. Breen, it appears, had been doing a little private celebrating on his own account and, when called upon to make his address, through some quirk in his mind, distorted sense of humor, or something of the kind, confined his remarks entirely to the beautiful valley of the Kettle River near Grand Forks and in particular with reference to the

lovely apple orchards he had seen there and the wonderful possibilities for the further expansion of agriculture and, from first to last, not a word did he say about the new smelter. This, while it had its ridiculous side, it can be appreciated, did not go over very well with all of the assembled dignitaries, to say the least.

Ore is a wasting asset and perhaps to an extent not fullly realized by our Government in its taxation schedules; for both these costly branch railways, the Canadian Pacific and Great Northern, are now abandoned and Phoenix is a typical ghost town, if ever there was one, while the Grand Forks smelter is a mass of ruins. Jim Breen's orchards, however, and lots more of them, along with many other branches of farming not existing in his time, are now to be seen around the town of Grand Forks, in itself a flourishing agricultural centre and while he was no doubt mainly concerned with pulling their legs at this banquet of long ago, he was really forecasting at the time much better than he knew.

There were two other smelters in the Boundary, the B.C. Copper Company plant at Greenwood and that of the Dominion Copper Company at Boundary Falls, about four miles away on the road to Midway, the former acquiring control of the latter in 1908. Both plants were built early in the century and the ores they treated were from the Motherlode mine at Deadwood and the Brooklyn, Stemwinder, Rawhide, and Idaho mines at Phoenix. The Boundary Falls plant shut down early in the game and you can tell that now from the small size of the slag dump. The main source of supply for the Greenwood smelter was, of course, the Motherlode Mine at Deadwood, five miles away and on the opposite side of the valley from Phoenix. The ore was comparable in grade to that of the Granby mine, that is around one per cent copper with a very little gold. The various smaller mines listed above, it is to be noted, were of considerably higher grade.

The Greenwood smelter shut down for keeps in November 1918, after treating between four and five million tons of ore. There is supposed to be considerable ore left in the Motherlode.

The late Lt.-Col. Ernest Hibbert, formerly general manager of Noranda and largely responsible for the outstanding success of that great company, early in his career and before the First Great War, was superintendent of the Motherlode mine. While at the Greenwood smelter, the late E.G. (Pinky) Warren, quite a young man, was in charge there and, but for his untimely death in an automobile accident many years ago, would have had an outstanding career before him in the west.

Early in the century, F. Augustus Heinze appeared in the Boundary; but a lot had happened to him since his Trail smelter days, not so many years before. Trimmed by the New York bankers of the millions he had made in Butte, dissipation and heavy drinking had taken their toll and he was only a shell of the man he had formerly been. About fifty miles from Grand Forks up the North Fork of the Kettle river, there was a copper property called the McKinley, in which he became interested and it was thought for a while that it might develop into an important producer. And here is where I became involved in the matter. They were looking for power and I staked a water power on Whatsan Lake, or rather its outlet, draining into the Arrow Lakes and only thirty miles distant over a low summit from the McKinley mine. For some unknown reason I had taken in as a partner the man by whom I was then employed, though the idea was entirely mine and, without remembering the details now, I imagine that he had just talked himself into the thing. Next, we offered $6,000 cash, for at that time you could hold your water rights indefinitely, but my partner had his head away up in the clouds and wanted a lot more money and the final outcome was that we got nothing at all, for the McKinley did not make good. In 1948, and that was about forty-five years later, this power is finally developed for the use of the Okanagan and the settlements on the Arrow Lakes and it appears that I was a couple of generations too soon with my scheme, although my idea was apparently sound.

While there were a lot of highly placed and important personages in the Boundary, from time to time, somehow or other the men I often admired the most were not in the top ranks of the mining fraternity and I propose discussing a few of them.

It will be understood that, Phoenix was primarily a big low-grade camp and, in early days, no attention was paid to the smaller seams of higher-grade ore, on the outskirts of the main orebodies and this is the kind of ore the Brooklyn-Stemwinder people are going after at the present time. Following the same policy, W.E. McArthur of Greenwood, getting control of an idle sixty-ton mill near that town, did the same thing in the main Granby workings. This operation, started some twelve years ago, was continued for several years. He trucked the ore from the mine to the little mill at Greenwood and made the operation pay, winding up with a substantial profit. At a somewhat later period this same McArthur secured an option on the Providence mine near Greenwood, a high-grade gold-silver property, where money had been made in early days and where a later

extensive development campaign by American interests had failed to locate any further ore. A little judicious surveying and a good look behind a fault where the ore had been cut off, soon changed the picture and a highly successful operation followed, with shipments to the Trail Smelter ensuing for several years and only terminating about three years ago. Some comments on this operator McArthur are in order. He undoubtedly has a "nose" for ore. Starting with nothing some fifteen years ago, he has accumulated extensive mining equipment, even including a diamond drill outfit, which he operates himself. He prospects and tries out a property for about half the money it would take one of the big operating companies. His specialty is taking up something that is supposed to be dug out and making some money out of it. He has done this in several more cases than are instanced here and will probably do it again.

Another prominent figure in Greenwood is Robert Forshaw, an old-timer in the Boundary. Here we have a horse of a different color. Bob Forshaw, as he is universally called, is not so much on the operation end of it as McArthur, but a shrewd and able sizer up of conditions underground. He will pick up some ground nobody wants and very often dispose of it at a profit. He is, it should be emphasized, not one of these fellows who ties up a lot of claims all over the country and with whom it is impossible to make a deal afterwards. When I was running the Beaver mine at Beaverdell, some fifteen years ago, Bob Forshaw had the Idaho group, adjoining our ground and the Bell holdings; but he was in the wrong formation and far from any known orebodies or workings, and in my opinion then, the keeping of these claims alive was a very long shot and not worthwhile. However, at the present time and some fifteen years later, the Highland-Bell mine has them optioned at a substantial payments in royalties. At depth, it seems the formation changed to the orebearing diorite.

Again, in 1911, the B.C. Copper Company built a five-mile aerial tramway from the Lone Star and Washington mine, near the American boundary to the Canadian Pacific Railway at Boundary Falls. This was the very latest type of tram, with locked coil rope, detachable buckets and all the expensive trimmings imaginable, and cost a lot of money. The idea was to smelt the ore in its Greenwood plant. But, somewhat late in the day it was found that, owing to its excessive aluminum content, anything more than the addition of an insignificant amount of this ore to the furnaces, would freeze them up. The mine has lain idle ever since and it is to

be noted that, for a number of years, Bob Forshaw has been the owner of the property. Flotation was unknown in those days and possibly the milling of this ore, as a preliminary, would result in a successful operation materializing there, as surely the money spent underground and in getting the ore to the railway must have been justified by substantial reserves in the mine.

One thing these two men, McArthur and Forshaw, have in common, both aim and have always aimed on making their money out of the ground and not by the unloading of shares, in a usually overcapitalized company, on a long suffering public, a refreshing contrast in these days of so much high pressure promotion.

In 1933, I took over the management of the Jewel Mine (now called the Dentonia), one of the original small gold operations near Greenwood, which had been idle for many years. We were lucky and found and opened up a couple of nice ore shoots, which kept the 100-ton mill we put up, going for around three years and quite a profitable operation it was, too. When we finally shut down, I left a big pillar in the centre of our biggest stope, at that point about twenty-five feet wide, in order to support the hanging wall. We knew that there was some ore still left in the bottom of that pillar, but did not investigate it to any great extent. Some subsequent leasers, however, replacing the pillar with some extensive cribbing, shipped thirty or forty cars of good grade ore to the smelter and this goes to show how easy it is, in mining, to overlook a profitable bet. My foreman here was the late C.R. (Charlie) Hanna and he may not have been perfect; but his good qualities towered above his poor ones, and here was another of these so-called "obscure" figures who deserved well of their country. We were driving an eight hundred foot crosscut to tap the vein at the mill level and he never lost a round in the whole of that particular operation. I remember one time, the miner on day shift reporting about three in the afternoon that he couldn't possibly get in the round; but old Charlie wasn't having any of this and, stepping into the thing himself, they blasted that day, late, of course, and so did the night shift, for he also saw to that.

Poor Charlie Hanna is gone now, for silicosis finally got him, and there was never a better miner nor foreman in the Canadian west.

26
From the Minutes

Annual General Minutes
October 18, 1992.

The annual general meeting was held at Christina Lake Community Hall. Discussion took place re marking the Dewdney Trail and the Rails to Trails Concept. Eric Coleman spoke on the Cascade Power Restoration Project. Leo Mills expressed concern over erroneous signs welcoming visitors to Kootenay Country instead of Boundary Country.

The annual picnic was held on June 21, 1992 in Rock Creek Canyon with Art Harfman giving a well researched talk on agriculture and pioneer families in the area. Members also attended the September 5, 1992 banquet in Greenwood for Japanese friends and dignitaries, marking 50 years since the forced evacuation to Greenwood. Three members joined the Okanagan Historical Society cruise on Lake Okanagan.

Election of Officers: President, Elvira Cudworth; 1st V. Pres. Lincoln Sandner; 2nd V. Pres. Paul Lautard; 3rd V. Pres. Rose Gobeil; Treasurer, George Broomfield; Publicatons and Membership, Jim Glanville.

Jim Glanville reported on the publication of Boundary History Report #12.

Guest speaker was Marilyn James of Omak, Washington who spoke on the Lakes Indians. Stan Bubar exhibited several of his Indian artificats.

October 17, 1993.

The annual general meeting was held in the Women's Institute Hall, Rock Creek. A large turnout of members and friends enjoyed the crackling fire and the well filled coffee pot! Members expressed displeasure with the highway signs and moved to write a letter expressing our concern. It is hoped that Dewdney Trail markers will be replaced.

A motion was passed that we hold our local picnics rather than join the Okanagan Historical Society picnic. The annual picnic was held on June 20, 1993 at Midway, marking the 100th anniversary of the platting

of the townsite. Mayor James McMynn shared their memories. Alice Evans told of the three versions on the Entwined Trees. A tour of the new museum followed.

Bill Harpur expressed concern over naming the new bridge "Myncaster" which is a considerable distance away. Thanks to members, Marshall Lake near Phoenix has its original name. Ron Greene has published a book "Tokens of Phoenix and Greenwood". We voted to become a member of B.C. Historical Federation.

Election of officers: President, Elvira Cudworth; 1st V.Pres. Paul Lautard; 2nd V. Pres. Lincoln Sandner: 3rd V. Pres. John Eek; Sec'ty, Rose Gobeil; Treasurer, George Broomfield; Membership, Jim Glanville; Publicatons, Alice Glanville.

Ted Gane gave an excellent talk and slide show on the orchards of the Kettle Valley - the financing, the planting and the frosts!

October 16, 1994

The annual meeting of the Boundary Historical Society was held in the Senior Citizens' Hall At Grand Forks on October 16, 1994. It followed the 11 a.m. dedication of the green space west of City Hall as Lois Haggen Park.

The speaker was James Fyles, former Deputy Minister of Mines. He entertained the members with stories and slides of the old mines in the Boundary country.

Appropriate signage for historical points of interest was again stressed. The editor, Jim Glanville, gave an update on the progress of the 13th Report. For the annual picnic members joined the Okanagan Historical Society at the Grist Mill and the Indian Pow Wow grounds at Keremeos.

Boundary Historical Society slate for 1994-5

Pres. Paul Lautard	1st V.P. Margaret Eek
2nd V.P. Stan Bubar	3rd V.P. Bea Zucco
Secretary Rose Gobeil	Treasurer George Broomfield
Membership J. Glanville	Editor Alice Glanville

Area representatives are: Elvira Cudworth, Greenwood; Burt Tiffin, Midway; John Eek, Rock Creek; Muriel Thompson, Bridesville; Nora Staples, Beaverdell; Ada Clapper, Grand Forks; Lincoln Sandner, Christina Lake.

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List of Members

HONORARY LIFE MEMBERS:
Glanville, Alice, Box 746, Grand Forks, B.C. V0H 1H0
Glanville, Jim, Box 746, Grand Forks, B.C. V0H 1H0
Roylance, Mildred, Box 243, Greenwood, B.C. V0H 1J0
Sandner, Lincoln, Box 315, Christina Lake, B.C. V0H 1E0

MEMBERS:
Albo, J. Box 29, Osoyoos, B.C. V0H 1V0
Akrigg, G.P.V. & Helen, #8-2575 Tolmie St. Vancouver, B.C. V6R 4M1
Arnusch, Frank & Etienette, Box 385, Osoyoos, B.C. V0H 1V0
Atwood, Mae, 311-1400. Newport Ave., Victoria, B.C. V8S 5E9
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Basque, Garnet, Box 3399, Langley, B.C. V3A 4R7
Beattie, Charlotte, Box 615, Fruitvale, B.C. V0G 1L0
Bell, June & Jack, Box 696, Fruitvale, B.C. V0G 1L0
Borgnetta, Carlo, RR#2. Rock Creek, B.C. V0H 1Y0
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Boyd, D.F.& Pauline, 77-8111 Saunders Rd. Richmond, B.C. V7A 4L9
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Bryant, Margaret, Box 1091, Grand Forks, B.C. V0H 1H0
Bubar, Mr. & Mrs. George, Box 5, Midway, B.C. V0H 1M0
Bubar, Stan & Dorothy, Box 131. Midway, B.C. V0H 1M0
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Campbell, W. & Norma, Box 2278, Grand Forks, B.C. V0H 1H0
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Cooper, I.L., C 16 Bowie Dr. R.R. #1 Armstrong, B.C. V0E 1B0
Cooper, June, Grand Forks, B.C. V0H 1H0
Cox, Doug, 1275 Riddle Rd. S.176- C4, Penticton, B.C. V2A6J6
Cudworth, Alan & Elvira, Greenwood, B.C., V0H 1J0
Currie, K. 436-2885 Boys Rd., Duncan, B.C. V9L 4Y9
Dahlo, Al & Sue, 593 Fairway Dr., N. Vancouver, B.C. V7G 1Z5

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Drain, Glen, 5727 Ross Rd. R.R.2, Mt. Lehman, B.C. V0X 1V0
Eastern Washington State Historical Society, W.2316-1st Ave., Spokane, Wash. 99204
Edstrom, Elmer & Jean, R.R. Rock Creek, B.C. V0H 1Y0
Eek, John & Margaret, RR#2, Rock Creek, B.C. V0H 1Y0
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Feir, Ethel, Box 2005. Grand Forks,B.C. V0H 1H0
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Forshaw, Robert, Box 244, Grand Forks, B.C. V0H 1H0
Fritz, E. 7185 Skyline Cresc. Saanichton, B.C. V0S 1M0
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Gansner, Netta, 2004 7th St.S. Cranbrook, B.C. V0C 4L4
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Groves, Myrtle, 182, W. 63 Ave. Vancouver, B.C. V5X 2H6
Hamilton, Mr. & Mrs. L. RR#1, Grand Forks, B.C. V0H 1H0
Haggert, Irma, R.R. 2, S.90-C2, Rock Creek, B.C. V0H 1Y0
Harpur, Bill, Box 40, Rock Creek, B.C. V0H 1Y0
Harris, R.C., 930 Esqimalt Ave. West Vancouver, B.C. V7T 1J8
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Hunt, Lorna & Garnet, 3522 W. 36th, Vancouver, B.C. V6N 2S2
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Iceton, Ermie, R.R. #2, Oliver, B.C. V0H 1T0
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Kohn, Randy & Letty, Grand Forks, B.C. V0H 1H0
Lautard, Paul, Box 84, Westbridge, B.C. V0H 2B0
Laux, William, Box 5, Fauquier, B.C. V0G 1K0
Lennox, Florence, Gen. Del. Grand Forks, B.C. V0H 1H0
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McCallum, Mr. & Mrs. Bruce, 515 W. 30th Ave.,
Vancouver, B.C. V5Z 2K2
Macdonald, Lola, 65-1640, 162nd St. White Rock, B.C. V4A 6Y9
McGarvie, John, Box 604, Winfield, B.C. V0H 2C0
McMynn, John & Olwyn, R.R. 1, Osoyoos, B.C. V0H 1V0
MacPherson, Judge Hugh, Box 1747, Antigonish, N.S. B2G 2M5
McPherson, Laura, 104 Birchwood, 45650 Patten Ave.,
Chilliwack, B.C., V2P 1F4
Maida, Angelo & Julia, Box 254, Christina Lake, B.C. V0H 1E0
Maida, Ralph, Box 228, Christina Lake, B.C., V0H 1E0
Marriage, R.F. (Bob), 424 Park Ave., Kelowna, B.C. V1Y 5R1
Martin Isabel, 1425 Palmerston Ave. W. Vancouver, B.C. V7T 2H8
Millican, Eileen, Box 69, Christina Lake, B.C. V0H 1E0
Mills, Leo, Box 422, Grand Forks, B.C. V0H 1H0
Morrison, Allan, #22 606 Main St., Whitehorse, Yukon Y1A 1C2
Morrison, George 1983 Parkway Dr. Vancouver, B.C., V6L 3C9
Morrison, Iris, 106-424 Winnipeg St. Penticton, B.C. V2A 5M6
Morrison, Kathleen, 1084 Skana Dr., Delta, B.C. V4M 2L3
Morrison, Neil, Box 68, Little Fort, B.C. V0E 2C0
Mudie, G. & E. 854 Bernard Ave. Kelowna, B.C. V1Y 6P5
Morrison, Dr, N.E. S.23 C6 RR #1, Nelson, B.C. V1L 5P4
Nevile-Smith, Mr. & Mrs.Peter, 78 Transit Rd. Victoria, B.C. V8S 4Z5
Onions, J. & Doreen, Box 603, Grand Forks, B.C. V0H 1H0
Orser, Ray & Elsie, Box 412, Grand Forks, B.C. V0H 1H0
Parker, Miles & Irene, Box 216, Grand Forks, B.C., V0H 1H0
Pease, Ruth, RR#1 S15 C30, Madeira Park, B.C. V0N 2H0
Pells, Frank, 991 Leon Ave. Kelowna, B.C. V1Y 6K1
Perkin, Ellen, 222-3200 Lakeshore Dr. Kelowna, B.C. V1Y 9C8
Perley, Joyce, Grand Forks, B.C. V0H 1H0
Peterman, A.N. & Anne, R.R.#1 Site 88 Comp. 14
Oliver, B.C. V0H 1T0
Phelps, Merlin & Arlene, Box 338, Greenwood, B.C. V0H 1J0
Pollard, Roy, 930 Fairway Crescent, Kelowna, B.C. V1Y 4S7
Powley, Hume. 1905 Carruthers St., Kelowna, B.C. V1Y 3B7
Presley W.J. 526-1255 Raymer Ave., Kelowna, B.C. V1W 3S3
Price, H.A. 74-1201 Cameron Ave. Kelowna, B.C. V1W 3R.8
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Robey, Ronald & Ellen, 1805-39th Ave. Vernon, B.C. V1T 3A6
Rock, Mary, Rock Creek, B.C. V0H 1Y0
Rotvold, Edward & Marguerite, Midway, B.C. V0H 1M0
Roylance, Mildred, Box 243, Greenwood, B.C. V0H 1J0
Roylance, Ron & Audrey, Box 126, Midway, B.C. V0H 1M0
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Woodland, Kay, 105-1807 Beaufort Ave. Comox, B.C. V9N 4B8
Woolhether, Jerrold & Muriel, Box 175, Midway, B.C. V0H 1M0
Zoellner, W.J. & Dorothy, 3956 Bluebird Rd.,
Kelowna, B.C. V1W 1X6
Zucco, B. Box 1947, Grand Forks, B.C. V0H 1H0

Campolieto, John: 1910-1993. Lifelong resident of Anaconda.

Davidoff, Alec P. 1926-1993. Went from horse to truck logging. Started Davidoff Logging in 1957.

Delisle, Aretta, Jane (nee Weed): 1907-1993. Born at the Weed Ranch in Kettle Valley. Active in curling.

Derhousoff, Tina: 1914-1994: Moved to Grand Forks in 1939.

Dovedoff, Fred P. 1914-1995. Lifelong resident of Grand Forks.

Eek, Kathleen Margaret: 1903-1994. She and her husband, Charles, homesteaded at Rock Creek in 1921. Active in Wonen's Institute.

Elliot, Anne Rebecca (McCutcheon): 1910-1994. Former resident of Paulson, Grand Forks, Westbridge and Beaverdell.

Erickson, Sam: 1900-1994. Born in Norway. Went to school in Grand Forks. Returned to Grand Forks in 1970.

Folvik, Lawrence: 1912-1992. Built his place of birth up to be the largest Aberdeen Angus Ranch in BC.

Forrester, Lily Victoria: 1906-1994. School teacher, active in Women's Institute and Senior Citizen's Centre.

Gipman, Esther: Died in 1993. Teacher

Gronquist, Axel Emanuel: 1904-1993. Canada Customs

Haggen, Lois Mabel: 1899-1994.

Hoff (nee Madge), Rose: 1910-1994. Born in Rock Creek

Hoodikoff, William J. 1903-1992. Born in Siberia, Moved to Grand Forks in 1938.

Horvatin, Frank Charles: 1915-1993. Logging contractor. Lived most of his life in Greenwood area.

Kazakoff, Fred: 1916-1994. Served in Canadian Army. Prospector.

Kleman, John Stephen: 1908-1994. Prospector and miner.

Lander, Frederick Thomas: 1899-1992. Born in Midway, gold mill operator and forestry lookout at Mount Kobau. Long time member of Boundary Historical Society.

Lander, (nee Williamson) Mary Edna: 1903-1994. Born at Boundary Falls, Married F.T. Lander.

Lawson, Robert: 1911-1994. Son of pioneer rancher. Worked for Ministry of Highways for 25 years.

McDougall, Eugene Valentine: 1912-1993. Born in Grand Forks. Prospector and miner.

McNevin, Donald:1918-1994. Lifelong resident of Grand Forks.

Makasaeff (nee Siminoff)Lucille: 1921-1993. Born in Grand Forks.

Maletta, Alfred, Ralph: 1920-1992. Lifelong resident of Greenwood.

Markin, NIck S. 1903-1995. Worked for Great Northern Railway.

Massie, Donald: Died in 1994. Past president of the Boundary Historical Society.

Matthews(nee Doan), Helen: 1916-1994. Came to Grand Forks in 1937. An avid horse woman

Ogloff, Mabel J. 1909-1992. Grand Forks since 1939.

Ogloff, Mike: 1905-1994. Planerman, longtime resident of Midway.

Parakin, Alex P. 1928-1992. Cat operator, Lifelong of Grand Forks.

Pennoyer (nee Mudie) Lillian. 1906-1989. Longtime resident of Grand Forks.

Popoff, Alec. P. 1910-1993. Settled in Grand Forks in 1938.

Price, Ada Elizabeth: 1902-1995. Came to Grand Forks in 1921. Married A.R. Mudie. Married A Price in 1957.

Reid, Henry: 1907-1994. Grand son of early pioneer, W.H. Covert, past president of Boundary Historical Society.

Relkoff, Sergei, 1931-1995, Hardware business, served on City Council.

Remezoff, Molly: 1918-1994. Moved to Grand Forks in 1936.

Roberts, Gordon 1916-1994. Born in Phoenix.

Shamber, George Peter: Died in 1993, aged 80. came to Bridesville in 1937.

Simpkins (nee Jones),May Elizabeth: Long time resident of Grand Forks.

Skilling, Annie Victoria: 1896-1995. Moved to Eholt in 1913, came to Grand Forks in 1927 where she raised her family.

Sookochoff, Elsie: 1907-1994. Moved to Grand Forks in 1942.

Talarico, Adolph Joseph (Ace): 1919-1992. Co-owner of Valley Meat Market, Grand Forks fire chief.

Talarico (nee McKay) Grace Elizabeth: 1925-1993. Moved to Grand Forks in 1935. Married Rocco Talarico.

Talarico, Rocco: Died in 1994, Longtime resident of the Boundary.

Topp, Arthur Ronald: 1919-1993. Miner and then operated C.P. Express.

Vanjoff, Mary J. 1904-1992. Came to Grand Forks in 1910.

Veregin, Mabel: 1927-1994. Came to Grand Forks in 1928.

Weed (nee Scott), Clara Belle: 1899-1993. Published a book on the town of Ferry where she lived as a young girl.

Wilson, John Victor: 1911-1992. Okanagan historian, a generous contributor of his talents to the Boundary Historical Society.

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ISBN 0-9692892-3-5

Boundary History

The Thirteenth Report of the Boundary Historical Society

Boundary Historical Society
P.O. Box 580
Grand Forks, B.C.
V0H 1H0

Printed and bound in Canada